The Nation.

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The Week.

What is the greatest evil confronting this republic? Is it special privilege, the growth of Socialism, or the prevalence of race hatred? Any intelligent foreigner, reading the newspapers of last Sunday and Monday mornings, would, we think, find in the general outbreak of lawlessness one of the most serious menaces to the stability of our institutions. Race riots in the home of Abraham Lincoln, a nearly successful attempt at lynching in the vicinity of this city, mobs in Cincinnati and Chicago, a whole State, Kentucky, terrorized by bands organized to nullify the laws and defy the authorities, cold-blooded murders in every direction—this is an appalling record of crime such as could be paralleled in no other country, unless it be one in the throes of social revolution. If Liberty stands triumphant and honored at our gates, Justice appears but a discredited drab. Waves of national lawlessness, we are aware, have not been uncommon before this. The Reconstruction period, with its Ku Klux horrors in the South, the ravages of Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania, and the uprisings of the mob in parts of the West are not to be forgotten. But the country has progressed in the last twenty-five years, with the settling of the West and the introduction everywhere of the court-house and the orderly procedure of justice. In the South, too, there has been much improvement, though in some regions the conditions are still bad enough.

But look at the facts. In editorial after editorial the Louisville *Courier-Journal* has been contending that the night-riders and the lynchers "have been making civilization a myth, law a joke, and the 'inalienable rights of man' a delusion." The Governor has had to call out the larger portion of the State troops and devote all his energies to this problem of maintaining order. And in Illinois, too, Gov. Deneen has had to send the militia to Springfield. The firmness with which the Governors of Kentucky and Illinois have acted is ground for genuine encouragement; but behind them the sober, steady elements must rally, unless we are willing to have the world regard this country as half-civilized, and to see the democratic movement everywhere receive a serious setback. For democracy, like autocracy, must insist upon the reign of law; without it both go under. Our legislators need concern themselves little with the theoretical anarchists, the Berkmans and Goldmans and Mosts. The real anarchists of to-day are those who declare themselves above the statutes, and stalk abroad, revolver in hand, to deal destruction as they see fit—to the mockery of government.

Not quite good enough for Representative J. Sloat Fassett and Herbert Parsons, not good enough for William Barnes, jr., of Albany and Mr. Ward of Westchester, Gov. Hughes has yet been found good enough to open the Republican national campaign in Ohio next month and to make many speeches in the West. Accused of being recreant to his party, the Governor has now supplied, after his own effective manner, an answer that confounds his enemies. The local bosses are, of course, still at liberty to maintain that the Governor's partisanship is but a poor thing. Has he appointed and decapitated, has he pulled and pushed, has he whispered in corners, has he bargained and pledged, has he, above all things, taken orders? No. Then it is absurd to call him a party man. That he saved his party from utter defeat in 1906, that the Republicans of the West are turning to him with increased attention and respect—all that does not make good partisanship in the eyes of the machine politicians. And when Gov. Hughes speaks in the West, he will be all the more popular there if, as Congressman Fassett asserts, the railways as well as the bosses are against him.

Under present conditions there is some plausibility in the prediction by Secretary J. E. Pritchard of the pavers and rammers' union that if the American Federation of Labor goes into politics it will also go to pieces. He pregnantly cites the case of the Knights of Labor. When the Knights entered politics, animosities and factions were immediately engendered in the local unions. It was not exactly with *éclat* that the Federation itself emerged from its fight to prevent Congressman Littlefield's reëlection. In the internal struggle for mastery of the union in the interest of a political organization the *prima-facie* interests of the worker are likely to suffer neglect. Moreover, when the feeling becomes widespread that the union is principally an organization to advance some person's political fortunes, all virtue goes out of it—and many of its members follow in virtue's footsteps. After Powderly's accession to a Commissionership of Immigration, we imagine that his influence with his former brethren declined. Mr. Gompers may be a disinterested advocate of the rights of the unionist, but malice will suggest that his espousal of Mr. Bryan's cause may be prompted by a selfish motive.

The government report on foreign commerce in July shows that in this direction, at all events, the business conditions have not changed. Last month's merchandise exports were reduced $25,000,000 from 1907, chiefly because of decline in shipment of other articles than products of the farm; but the reduction in imports was $38,000,000, or no less than 30 per cent. During the seven completed months of the present calendar year this falling off in imports has been no less than $267,000,000—a contraction so enormous that, notwithstanding a heavy reduction of exports also, the excess of exports over imports for the period has been $179,000,000 greater than in the same months of 1907. It might be imagined that, with such curtailment of our purchase of foreign merchandise, the country's import trade would have fallen to an abnormally low figure. Yet so far is this from true that our imports for the year to date, far as they have fallen below those of the same period in the three past years, are larger than the seven-months' total in any year prior to 1905. In other words, what has apparently happened is the return to what was regarded as a normal trade before the sensational expansion in American business and speculation which began with 1905. This change in foreign trade conditions was inevitable, when the sudden contraction of the

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country's consuming power, as a result of the shock to credit, left even home manufacturing industries with barely one-half the orders which they had been receiving a year ago. In the twelve months after the panic of 1893, merchandise imports decreased $211,000,000 from the preceding year. They recovered in the fiscal year 1895 for a peculiar reason—namely, a sudden outburst of speculation and rise of prices in the home industrial markets, which had the double effect of cutting down our exports and increasing our imports, and soon afterwards weakened the economic position of the country, then in reality only slowly recovering from the panic. The genuine start was made in trade revival, and the way was opened for the era of great prosperity which followed, when the American manufacturer set to work making goods at prices which would fairly compete with outside producers.

Napoleon used to boast shortsightedly that the natural vices were the best patriots in his empire, and he illustrated his contention by pointing to the revenue from the taxation of intoxicants. The recent fall in our internal revenue receipts from distilled spirits suggests the same paradox. Is it better to have a full treasury and an average per capita consumption of 1.63 gallons of whiskey, as we had a year ago, or a fall of $15,767,038 in the drink duties, as indicated by the returns for the last fiscal year, and a reduction of about 10 per cent. in the amount of spirits consumed? The hard times beginning in 1893 steadily reduced the average consumption until it fell to one gallon per capita in 1896. British Chancellors of the Exchequer have impressed on Parliament more than once the financial problem—of finding additional sources of revenue—which the spread of the temperance movement would eventually create. Fortunately, they have taken the ground that the greater sobriety of the nation is an asset of more importance than the fiscal advantages derived from the heavy consumption of liquors—and our own Treasury officials may well urge the same argument.

The higher rate-schedules are apparently being kept as an instrument in the railway armory. If, under the suit filed by the Texas Commission, a significant synchronous rise in rates of many railways is not held a transgression of the Sherman Anti-Trust act, if the election news is reassuring, if crop prospects indicate that the traffic can bear another stiffening of charges, the project for higher rates will be quite ready. Meantime a stray item of railway news shows a more excellent way of augmenting earnings. Southern New Jersey distributed more than $1,000,000 of produce over New England, the Middle West, and Canada last month, an increase of $750,000 over last year's July shipments. The significant explanation given is:

> Special schedules were established, and trains known as "preference freights" were run, making time equalled only by passenger trains. The market was greatly widened as a result of the development campaign undertaken by the Pennsylvania Railroad in behalf of the commercial and agricultural interests of southern New Jersey.

The defects in our system of appellate jurisdiction enumerated by the special committee of the American Bar Association relate specifically to the Federal courts, but the principles laid down may well be extended to the processes of many State tribunals. These defects have been summed up as "the law's delays." But more than the law's delay is involved when higher courts persist in ruling on technicalities and disregarding the merits of the question. The law's miscarriage is often the result, and that, not alone because a delay of justice is also a miscarriage of justice. The higher court may hold that it rules only on form when it sends a case to the lower courts for retrial. But actually the ruling of the higher tribunal influences the outcome in the lower court. Here, for instance, your trial judge gives oral hearing on an indictment of so many dozens of counts, listens to testimony, argument, and pleading, asks for supplementary briefs, and then decides, as judges from the beginning have always decided, on the basis of intuition and psychological data, as well as on the spoken word. His decision is brought up for revision in a higher court, and there, because one witness out of a score may have failed to receive his full rights, the case may go back for trial on "error." It does not matter that the error had only the remotest influence in shaping the original decision. Back the case goes, on form ostensibly. But a lower court will not always remain unswayed by action above, even though it was on form only.

A more remarkable memory than that of the late Ainsworth R. Spofford is not often recorded. Of untiring industry and the widest knowledge, he could yet retain details in a way to stagger every one who witnessed an exhibition of his powers. In the days of the old Congressional Library, when, for lack of space, books were piled up in every direction, on chairs, desks, tables, and the floor, Mr. Spofford could go to a pile and select the book he wished with unerring accuracy. Nor was this knowledge confined to his own library. It is related that on one occasion, after failing to satisfy Gen. Lew Wallace by giving him the books on a certain subject in the Congressional Library, he said that the desired volume was in the Harvard library; and Mr. Spofford went on to state the title, library number, shelf number, and the position the volume occupied on the shelf—"sixth from the south end." This story, if not true in every detail, is at any rate characteristic. In addition to a memory for such things Mr. Spofford had a fairly encyclopædic knowledge of all topics of human interest. He himself was for years the Congressional Library, at least to all intents and purposes, and the number of Congressional and Senatorial speeches he influenced would run into the thousands. When the new library was completed, Mr. Spofford's services were retained, despite his lack of business capacity. And no servant of the government ever deserved more consideration at its hands.

The withdrawal of Alfredo Zayas, leader of the Zayistas, and a chief conspirator in the late revolution, from his candidacy for the Presidency of the Cuban Republic, is an event of great significance. Not lacking in brains or in legal ability, Zayas has been the best of the candidates in the field, but beyond that nothing can be said for his fitness. Now that the Conservatives have suddenly shown such great strength, Zayas finds it necessary to withdraw in favor of the Miguelistas, the followers of Miguel Gomez, in order that both factions may make common front against the new—or old—enemy. Ever since Gov. Magoon has been in Cuba, Gomez and Zayas, companions in the insurrec-

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tion, have been engaged in fighting one another for the spoils of office, or any possible personal advantage. The net result should now be the division of the people into two parties: the horse-thieves and insurrectionists of 1906 on one side; and on the other those who supported Palma, backed, let us hope, by the solid property-owners. These men have hitherto held aloof from politics, because of disgust and a well-founded fear that a new insurrection might witness the destruction of all their property for their temerity in entering politics. The curse of Cuban politics is that there are no issues whatever on which to divide; that no party dreams of a platform; and that Zayas and Gomez are interested merely for the offices they can hold and the money they can make. Hence the desirability of the entrance into the Presidential contest of a man of fine character like Gen. Mario Menocal, who is likely to lead the Conservatives.

That Great Britain has consented for another fishing season to extend the *modus vivendi* arranged some two years ago with this country concerning the fishing off Newfoundland, is a cause for congratulation. The dispute centres about the claim of our fishermen, based on the treaty of 1818, to take fish in Newfoundland waters on the same terms as British subjects. This protracted difficulty over our several rights in this matter promises to be settled eventually, without serious friction, before the Hague Tribunal. The arrangement is but another instance of the spirit of reasonableness in which our relations to Great Britain are now fortunately regarded by both governments. It is a matter of regret that any discordant note should be evoked by this joint agreement to abide by a provisional adjustment until the whole matter can be fully arbitrated. The London *Morning Post* seems to attribute the happy outcome of the affair to Sir Edward Grey's weak "yielding to American pressure," but weakness is not commonly supposed to be a characteristic of the present Foreign Secretary. He is probably broad-minded enough to see that public opinion in Great Britain would hardly condone an attempt to enforce disputed rights when the matter is in process of amicable adjustment.

That women of the harem have played an important part in the Turkish constitutional overturn, should not come with a shock of surprise to the Western world. Pierre Loti, in his "Désenchantées" of two years ago, only gave a wider publicity to the known fact that European ideas and manners had followed Parisian clothes and novels into the *penetralia* of Constantinople's leading families. Separation and seclusion have supplied the wives and daughters of the ruling class with unlimited leisure for study and self-improvement; and we take it that Loti is true to life when he makes his heroine speak English, French, German, and Italian with equal excellence, and includes in her list of reading, Schopenhauer and Nietszche and Spencer, and the very latest of the symbolists and decadents. It is another question how far such enlightenment has spread among the women of Turkey, and whether sufficient basis has been laid for an active suffragist movement. But within two weeks of freedom the workingmen of Constantinople have already learned to strike, and it may be that women's rights will be swift in coming. Reforms nowadays travel in large companies, and a radical movement in a backward country may actually have this advantage over its counterpart in a more enlightened state, that when one inevitable change comes, others ride in with it. In England the suffragists have still the country to convert, but in Russia the great bulk of liberal opinion is for female enfranchisement.

There is nothing that binds like red tape. The story is told of a private in the French army who desired to buy and wear a special kind of shoe rather than the regulation article. He discovered that it was possible only after months of delay, and after securing written permits from some seven bureaus or more. The latest illustration of the lethargy of bureaucratic administration in that country comes in a renewal of protest against the Parisian telephone system conducted by the French Post Office. The Chamber of Deputies has been petitioned to turn over the service to private enterprise, because the petitioners despair of obtaining better service from the public administration. M. Noulens, Deputy for Gers, recently made a startling arraignment of the telephone management in his report from the Parliamentary Committee of Posts and Telegraphs. The plant is said to be antiquated, the staff untrained and inefficient. The department has fought measures for improving and extending the system, and still maintains the flat rate of 400 francs per year. A new exchange authorized by law in 1906 is just rising and will probably be completed in 1910. It is estimated that a measured-rate tariff would immediately increase the subscribers by almost 100 per cent. Unfortunately, the plant now in operation is not adequate to cope with such an extension, and several years must probably elapse before a modern telephone system can be expected in the French capital.

THE ADROIT MR. BRYAN.

How much Mr. Bryan has profited by his years of campaigning appears clearly in his speech of acceptance. It has all the earmarks of the man accustomed to addressing the nation on public affairs, and is not lacking in ability and shrewdness. He has had the wisdom to confine himself to readable limits, and his vigor and clearness of diction, it must be confessed, contrast most favorably with the ponderous style and the tiresome length of Mr. Taft's address at Cincinnati. That the Nebraska fencer is quick on his feet and at ease in the tourney has been apparent from the beginning. He is not lacking in self-confidence, and is not afraid to take the lead. He scored visibly in the bout over campaign expenses, and, in this more formal one, he has slipped past his adversary's guard and pinked him not once but several times. The umpires, to be fair, must cry "Touch" at Mr. Taft's expense.

On the vulnerable parts of Mr. Taft's address Mr. Bryan readily puts his finger. There was Mr. Taft's grave summary of "known abuses" that have been ended, and others that still remain uncorrected. Mr. Taft, it will be remembered, is one of those who believe that, if Mr. Roosevelt had not come to the rescue, this country was in danger of "a plutocratic government toward which we were fast tending." Under what Presidents did these evils grow apace, under what system of laws? asks Mr. Bryan. Why were the evils which Mr. Roosevelt is said to have throttled as the infant Hercules the snakes, allowed to become

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so formidable under successive Republican administrations? Since the party of Roosevelt and Taft has been in power from 1861 on, with the exception of two separated periods of four years, it is a fair deduction that Republican policies and Republican laws are responsible for the loss of political power by the people, for the rule of the many by the few, and for the growth of those astounding fortunes which our tariff barons have so readily shared with the Republican campaign managers. And why, asks Mr. Bryan with great effect, have not *all* the evils been corrected? If there are adequate laws, why have they not been enforced; and if there are no laws why have they not been enacted? The Republicans have had undisputed control of both houses; on many issues they have had the support of Democratic votes. Yet they have passed neither the anti-Trust bill nor the railway laws which their own President has declared necessary. Mr. Bryan is correct in saying that Mr. Taft as President could not have larger majorities or a more despotic Speaker behind him; and he does not forget to dwell upon that schism in the Republican party, a contest between reactionaries and radicals, so evident in Kansas, where Senator Long has just now been defeated for renomination, largely because he did not favor the radical railway legislation that both Mr. Bryan and Senator La Follette have urged.

But it is in dealing with the tariff that Mr. Bryan strikes the heaviest blows. Both Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt have pronounced for revision; both have postponed it with politicians' cowardice until after the election. Had Mr. Bryan wished he could have cited from Mr. Roosevelt's New England speeches of 1902 some brave anti-tariff utterances the like of which the President has not ventured upon since. Mr. Bryan could have asked why those lips are padlocked, precisely as he has laid stress upon the direct connection between the campaign contributions of tariff beneficiaries and the inability of the Republicans to reform the tariff save by raising the duties.

But, if we must in justice to Mr. Bryan welcome this note of aggressive opposition, we must say also that the adroitness of the politician and his skill with the rapier are after all what stand out most clearly. He is attacking his adversaries; he has comparatively little to say in defence of his own hosts. The legends on their banners he sums up in the question, "Shall the people rule?" The details he leaves for other occasions. Moreover, he takes a position that is new and absurd in American politics when he declares himself bound wholly by the platform of his party and unable to discuss matters beyond it or behind it. He will not go into the various causes which he has been advocating in the last twelve years. He will say nothing about free silver, about the election of judges, his plans for the Supreme Court, or his foolish scheme of government ownership of railways. They were trial balloons. The wind of popular favor did not blow in his direction, and they are to be forgotten. If anything could render this attitude more ridiculous, it is that Mr. Bryan himself dictated if he did not write the platform.

That this silence as to the unhappy past is an appeal to the conservatives of the East, like his assertion that the Democratic party is the "defender of honest wealth" and seeks "not revolution but reformation," is obvious. "You do not like some things I have said? Well, don't worry; I shall talk about them no more. I'll only talk about what is in the platform. I am at my worst there. And don't forget that I want only one term." This is the wisdom of the ostrich. It will deceive no person; close no one's mouth; keep nobody from referring to Mr. Bryan's former hobbies, which throw so much light on both his character and his theories of statesmanship. For it is not the fencer, however adroit, or the circus tumbler, that this country wants in Washington; not the man who urges one set of ideas one day and declines to have them even spoken of the next. We are not yet ready to entrust the United States to men whose policies are as changeable as the wind.

THE MINOR PARTIES.

In the Presidential election of 1904 the Socialists, the Prohibitionists, the People's party, and the Socialist Labor party polled a total of 809,251 votes. All four organizations are in the field this year, and to them is added W. R. Hearst's new-born National Independence party. The Socialists and the Prohibitionists look forward to large gains; and with good reason. Socialism since 1904 has been widely agitated; it has made converts among what stern Marxians a few years ago would have called the non-producing classes; and in the present campaign it has industrial depression to feed upon. The Prohibitionists, in tangible results, have done even better than the Socialists. The movement has swept over the South, and is gathering impetus in the Central States. The Prohibition candidate for the Presidency estimates that one-half of all our population is now living in prohibition territory. Even if signs of reaction are apparent here and there, it is too early yet to look for a cessation of the last two years' growth. Mr. Hearst's strength can only be guessed at from the showing made by his local organizations in New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, and California. But Hearst, Debs (whose followers see visions of a million votes), Watson, and the Prohibitionists will probably poll between a million and a million and a half of votes. What effect will that number of neutralized ballots have on the fortunes of Mr. Bryan?

We say Mr. Bryan, because we assume that the minor parties, embodying as they do various degrees and shades of radicalism, have been mainly recruited from Mr. Bryan's radical Democracy; and that any large gains of Debs or Watson will be made at the expense of the Democratic party. Mr. Hearst, indeed, is in the campaign with the unconcealed purpose of hurting Mr. Bryan. Just what can he and Debs do? It is easier to answer with regard to Hearst. Were the campaign at the outset not restricted to a comparatively narrow fighting-ground, the Hearst influence might count for more. But in spite of iridescent visions of Democratic victory on the Pacific Coast, it is obvious that Bryan's hopes abide chiefly in the Mississippi Valley. California is practically conceded to the Republicans; New York is likely to go Republican unless the local leaders are silly enough not to renominate Gov. Hughes; in Illinois Democrats have a slight chance, because of Republican strife; Massachusetts is, of course, Massachusetts. Yet these four States contain almost all of Mr. Hearst's strength. Say that he vindicates his boast of carrying Massachusetts. He will only earn Mr. Bryan's gratitude for reducing the Republican electoral vote. Even if Mr.

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Hearst flourishes a very heavy knife, he cannot get at Mr. Bryan's vitals. But Hearst journalism and Hearst money are mobile and resourceful. Will they not invade those Central States in which Bryan contemplates a serious campaign? Cannot the National Independence party make just enough headway in Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, and Nebraska to blast whatever hopes the Democracy may cherish? The outlook for a Hearst boom there at Bryan's expense, or, for that matter, at any one's expense, is not bright. With at least three different brands of radicalism to choose from—the Taft-Roosevelt, the Bryan, and the Debs kind—the voter should scarcely be in a mood for a fourth variety, and especially one that has just been placed on the market. We can imagine, on the other hand, an old-fashioned conservative finding it impossible to vote either for Taft or for Bryan; for Bryan because he is Bryan; and for Taft because he is Roosevelt. That the conservative who cannot stand Bryan will accept Hearst is manifestly absurd. Such a vote will go to the Prohibitionists, or to no one at all. To imagine Hearst winning new ground with his radical platform more or less eclipsed by other radical platfoms is very hard. We doubt, indeed, whether he can keep his strength even in his own citadels. In this State signs of dissolution in his following are abundant. A drift back to Bryan is perceptible, notably in New York city.

From Debs, Mr. Bryan on the face of things has more reason to fear harm. The Socialists are present in appreciable strength in the States Mr. Bryan has selected for the battleground. In Colorado, which gave a Republican plurality of 34,582 in 1904, and 18,134 in 1906, the Socialist vote of 4,304 in 1904 rose to 16,938 for Haywood for Governor in 1906. These are undoubtedly votes of protest against a Republican régime, a protest by which the Democratic party might have profited if the Socialists were not there. Idaho gave the Republicans a majority of 8,890 in 1906; two years earlier Debs had polled 4,954 votes, a very respectable number, where the margin between the two leading parties was so small. In Indiana the Republican plurality in 1906 was 30,825; at that time the Socialists cast 7,824 votes (a decline from 12,013 in 1904). In Iowa, the Republican plurality in 1906 was 20,285; Debs in 1904 had polled 14,847 votes. In Kansas, the Republican plurality in 1906 was 2,123; Debs had received there 15,494 votes. In Missouri, the Democratic plurality in 1906 was 9,077, and the Socialist vote was 11,528. In Montana the Republican plurality in 1906 was 8,410, and Debs's vote, two years before, 5,676. Oregon, which has shown a leaning toward Democracy, gave 7,651 votes to Debs. All these Socialist votes Mr. Bryan would be glad to get.

But this year there are conditions which minimize the danger to the Democratic party from Socialist aggression. If the Socialists are to pofit by hard times, it is not against the Democrats that they must direct their attack. How can we be held responsible for anything, Mr. Bryan may plead, if we have been excluded from responsibility for so long? The Democracy itself is now a party of protest, and expects to profit by discontent. Far from losing many votes to the Socialist party, Mr. Bryan may even hope to intercept a number on the way from Mr. Taft's camp to Debs's. And it must always be remembered in contemplating the prospects of the small parties that some of their gains will be offset by the natural increase in the electorate.

THE REACTION IN GERMANY.

With the light of constitutional liberty ablaze in the Near East as never before, the reactionary tendency of the various German governments seems to be distinctly strengthening. Having taken the Liberals and Radicals into camp by making them a part of the Parliamentary *bloc* that sustains the government, Von Bülow and his imitators seem to feel freer than ever to suppress anything that looks like liberty of speech or criticism of the government on the part of its subordinates. Even if one be but a simple teacher in a small State of the Empire, the muzzle is applied. As for the Social-Democratic movement, it would be political suicide for any official even to sympathize with it. When a commanding general in Berlin can order his soldiers to refrain from traversing portions of a popular park because it is sometimes frequented by Socialists, it is obviously impossible for any one in government employ to betray the slightest interest in the theories of Bebel and his school.

It is in Bavaria that the school teachers have been catching it. Two of them have dared to have opinions of their own, only to be threatened with the loss of their positions on the repetition of their offence. Their cases are soon to be discussed in the Bavarian Diet. But the incident which has aroused the greatest feeling is the attempt to discipline the burgomaster of Husum, Dr. Schücking, for his temerity in writing newspaper articles for the Liberal Berlin *Tageblatt* and in becoming a candidate of the Radical People's Party at the last Prussian elections. Dr. Schücking declares that, just before the election, he was visited by a fellow-official, who told him that he was to be summoned before his superiors to explain his candidacy, which the government could only regard as hostile and improper. Dr. Schücking was advised further that if he should plead that he took the nomination in order to save the city from a Danish candidacy—Husum is near the border—all might yet be well. Dr. Schücking, however, declined to avail himself of this excuse, was recently cited to show cause why he should not be punished for misconduct, and has been duly disciplined. Just what the other facts in the case are the ablest German newspapers have been unable to determine exactly. There have been charges and counter-charges, and official denials innumerable.

But, as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* points out, the net result is fresh proof of the ultra-conservatism of the government and its insistence that every one shall think and speak as it wishes. This is the late policy of the Sultan of Turkey, modified to conform to German conditions, since poisoning and banishment are not popular under the Prussian eagle. Naturally, the desire of the Prussian government is to reserve the offices for those who can be relied upon. The proletariat is often excluded; the aristocracy favored in civil life as in the army; and the sons of officials are particularly welcome. As always happens, there is much public resentment, while the very attitude of the government makes hypocrites of its subordinates and inclines them to accept radical doctrines even when they cannot avow them.

That there lies back of the Schücking case a deliberate intention to force the Liberals into becoming more complai-

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sant servants of the government, is openly charged. Von Bülow might, however, have rested content with his shrewd move in taking into camp the Liberal parties. They have, in consequence, lost much of their influence, and split up into smaller factions. Dr. Theodor Barth and some of his associates have formed a new organization, the Demokratische Vereinigungspartei, and are greatly encouraged by the recruits they have received. Their platform may best be described as a Liberalism that does not believe in compromising in order to pull Von Bülow's chestnuts out of the fire. Many Liberals and Radicals have heretofore been satisfied with the adherence of their parties to the Chancellor; but it is now plain that these men are on the point of revolt because of just such evidences as Dr. Schücking's case offers of the reactionary tendency of the day.

On this movement which has rendered German Liberalism so pitifully ineffective Prof. Otto Harnack of Stuttgart throws considerable light in a recent issue of *März*. Admitting that the government of Prussia is narrower and more conservative than that of the rest of Europe (except Russia), he finds that the responsibility rests, after all, with the people themselves. They are more and more, he says, bowing down to the will of powerfully centralized authority. It is becoming rarer and rarer to find people of position who have opinions contrary to those of the ruling classes, or who, having them, dare to voice them. For this condition of affairs the military system is partly accountable. Each German has to serve in the army, and while there he learns that opposition to the will of his superiors is the one unpardonable crime. This, Dr. Harnack points out, influences him throughout his life. In the fields of religion and education there is unusual freedom of opinion and expression, which, however, ceases abruptly when the discussion borders on the political. It is as if the German had forgotten Aristotle's definition of man as primarily a political entity, and concerned himself preferably with anything but politics. Again, Dr. Harnack thinks that a false ideal of patriotism—not unknown in this country—as something to make one swear by heaven and earth that nothing in Germany could be improved, also gives reaction its opportunity. And reaction in the Empire is making hay while the sun shines.

SHIPPING AND SHIPBUILDING.

The cable reports of the address made in London last week to the shareholders of the Anchor Line by the chairman of the directorate, Richard Henderson, but reflect the depressed condition of the shipping trade. The speaker described the recent stagnation as "probably the worst since the formation of the company." Like other persons in misfortune the ship-owners have found that their troubles come not singly but in battalions. Some of the causes of recent difficulties are accidental and probably temporary, while others threaten to be permanent. The coincidence of the financial panic in this country with relatively short crops for export has been very trying. Next has followed (and partly as a consequence) tight money, and an ebb of the tide of westward migration—the latter offset for a time by a returning throng of third-class passengers who have been thrown out of employment in this country. More persistent among adverse influences is the rise in the price of coal; and even more menacing still is the enormous increase in the number of ships the world over in the last two decades.

Naturally, the depression in the shipping trade has been speedily communicated to the shipbuilding industry. In this ancillary branch of transportation, the reaction has been more severe, because freighters afloat have found it cheaper to lose a little for a time by according low rates, than to lose everything by rusting at anchor. The laying down of new bottoms is governed, on the contrary, by future prospects, and as these have been black enough, the shipbuilding industry in many places has practically collapsed. The significance of the increase in tonnage of the world's freighters may be readily grasped from tables recently published in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. In 1889 the tonnage of steam vessels was about 7,748,000, and of sailing vessels over 11,000,000. Last year the steam tonnage had risen to 20,000,000, while the sail-borne tonnage had fallen to 7,250,000. The net increase on the basis of tonnage alone has been about 50 per cent. in eighteen years. But the real carrying capacity of the world's fleet has increased in a much higher ratio, inasmuch as a steam-driven ship on the average will carry three times as much freight in a year's time as a sailing vessel of equal hold capacity. The actual increase in carrying efficiency, therefore, between 1889 and the present is reckoned at over 300 per cent. Even without any slackening of commercial activity, the expansion in the world's merchant marine must have caused the sharpest competition for business—a competition intensified by the profuse subsidies such as those granted for a time by the French Government.

The quick response of the shipbuilding industry to the recession in the carrying trade is registered in the sharp decline in new tonnage laid down. In Great Britain, where the most careful records of this movement are kept, the fourth quarter of 1905 proved the banner one, with keels actually laid for a tonnage of 514,000. That this pace, though rapid, was not greatly in excess of normal appears from the fact that the figures for the fourth quarter of last year were 477,000. From this point there has been a drop to 161,000, and 160,000 tons for the first and second quarters respectively of the current year. A word of explanation is fairly in order to make clear why any new tonnage at all should be laid down, when the relative excess of freighters is so marked. The explanation is partly that lighters, machine-ships, crane-boats, and similar craft are included, and that their construction is incidental to carrying on repair work and the like. Passenger steamers, it should be noted, require a longer period for construction than the ordinary freighter—a period often extending over two years—and their completion has involved some work that could not be postponed.

The international distribution of the shipbuilding industry, as evidenced by the survey given by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, carries little encouragement to those who think that subsidies are the only way, or even the main way, in which to create a merchant marine. Great Britain still retains its primacy, laying down in 1907 not far from 60 per cent. of the world's tonnage. On the other hand fifteen years ago, over 80 per cent. was the share that went to the English builders, so that while absolutely the trade has expanded in England, it has lost relatively to other rapidly growing nations. In this interval the

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United States, Germany, and Japan have all made marked progress. Our own growth is due, of course, in great part to our monopoly of the coasting trade; but our abundant stores of cheap iron constitute a natural advantage of great magnitude, which must tell increasingly in the future. Germany, though it now lays down a tenth of the world's tonnage, is hampered by costliness of coal transportation, and complains that Holland, because of its free-trade policy, can buy German iron for ships at lower prices than are accorded at home to German builders. Japan's growth has been forced, purchased at great cost in taxing a hard-working people not supplied with large natural deposits of mineral. France, now that the subsidy orgy has been checked, has fallen astern of little Holland in the race. In this industry the controlling causes are the deep-seated ones, and if those who pant so noisily for a subsidy policy, will only wait, they may find their wish—the creation of a great merchant marine—but not their method, granted in the not too distant future.

THE RESERVES OF THE MODERNIST ARMY.

The strike of the university students of Austria gives us a glimpse of one of the powerful forces with which the reactionaries in the Catholic Church must contend. Prof. Ludwig Wahrmund of Innsbruck, through pressure exerted by the clericals, was forbidden to lecture because he had written a Modernist pamphlet. By way of protest against this attack upon academic liberty, the students struck; and since the suspension of Professor Wahrmund was sanctioned by the government, the movement spread to the other Austrian universities. The outcome of this particular strike and the fate of Professor Wahrmund are matters of little consequence. The principle involved transcends the fortunes of any individual or any institution—be it even so mighty an organization as the Roman Church. The point we would make is that the opponents of Modernism must reckon not merely with the priests of to-day who may be disciplined and silenced, but with the rising generation, and the generation behind that, and the next and the next, to the end of time. The conservators of the old tradition are fighting with an army which is eternally renewed and refreshed; beating it back is like beating back the flooding tide. Unless the hosts of orthodoxy can meet their enemy with as steady and strong a stream of reinforcement their battle is lost.

Modernism is, we take it, not a set of doctrines, but a point of view. The Modernist asks that conceptions of religion and of spiritual life be stated in terms that are intelligible to the man of to-day, that is, in terms which recognize the results of scientific and historical investigation. A creed which embodies the notion that the world was created in six days is incomprehensible to educated persons, because they know that as a matter of fact the world was not so created. The Church appeals to certain historical documents in support of her position and her dogmas. The Modernist replies, "Very well, we will examine those documents by the best critical methods. We will scrutinize the manuscripts in which they are transmitted; we will study the language and the ideas; we will compare the variants; we will analyze the interpolations and other alterations. We will weigh the evidence ascribing these documents to particular persons or periods; we will try to determine whether the sentiments are really those of traditional interpretation." If the authority of the Church rests on these documents, the Church cannot logically refuse to submit them to the analysis which scholars apply to all other such testimony. The Church has refused; and its decision is accepted by older men, trained in the schools of a by-gone day. But the Church cannot maintain this stolid *non possumus* against the demands of university graduates of the twentieth century.

The inevitable course of events has been demonstrated within fifty years. The doctrine of evolution was received with hoots and jeers by orthodox religionists of every sect. The clergymen who went over to the new theory were denounced by bishops and tried for heresy. Throughout the length and breadth of Protestantism there was as bitter an outcry as in the Catholic Church now over Modernism. The adherents of the faith once delivered seemed as strongly intrenched in their ecclesiastical fortresses as the Pope and his counsellors are in theirs. The old men clung as doggedly to the old views. But the old men are dead and dying, and the new are silently and swiftly taking their places. Since 1870 every biological laboratory in every college in Christendom has been a laboratory for the study of evolution. The Church could not bar out evolutionists without barring out all men trained in modern scientific methods, and thus relinquishing completely its intellectual and moral leadership and its hold upon nations that are educated and progressive.

This will be the difficulty that in a decade or two will confront the Papacy. In spite of its compact and centralized power, it is in the long run subject to the same influences that have disintegrated the traditions of Protestantism. In this connection one of the features of the recent Pan-Anglican Congress is deeply significant. In commenting on the various sessions, the London *Nation* says:

> A general attack on the critical method was everywhere severely discountenanced. A few years ago any oration could draw approving cheers from such multitudes by cheap sneers and denunciations of those "higher critics" who had disproved the Flood, or dissected the Pentateuch, or divided Daniel into fragments. To-day, such attempts, when essayed, evoked no corresponding approval. The audiences were revealed as representing a community, cautious, reserved, anxious as to the ultimate results of criticism of the Bible, clinging desperately and often defiantly to faiths and affirmations which have long been regarded as sacred. But it is a community also which has moved, and moved remarkably, both in the acceptance of results held to be heretical a generation ago, and also in toleration for the method by which such results have been obtained.

Acceptance of the results and toleration for the method—this looks like the beginning of the end of an acrimonious conflict. Toleration for the method means, of course, acceptance of results; for one cannot grant the premises and deny the conclusion.

Not even the Papacy can do that for any long period. Its laymen, if they are to compete with the rest of the world in the arts, the sciences, and commerce, must attend the best universities; and there they will surely become tainted by Modernism. The priesthood must continue to be men of culture and of disciplined mind; and that, again, implies at least a tincture of Modernism. The Church, in fine, cannot subsist merely by an appeal to the unlettered masses. Indeed, with the spread of free public schools in Europe and both Americas, we are fairly in sight of the hour when large unlettered masses will

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no longer exist in Christendom. Every schoolhouse will propagate the method of the Modernist; and those findings of exact scholarship which to-day excite something like a shock in the diminishing circles of rigid orthodoxy will be received to-morrow calmly and even listlessly as the current commonplaces.

"GOSPEL HYMNS" FOR 80,000,000.

The death of Ira D. Sankey has filled the newspapers with anecdotes about his life. We are told of the impression which his singing first made on Mr. Moody, of his improvising the tune for "The Ninety and Nine," of the huge crowds, sometimes 20,000 people, who came to the Moody and Sankey revival meetings, and of the enormous sales of the "Gospel Hymns." The number of copies printed is reported to be 50,000,000; and even if this figure be somewhat exaggerated, the great popularity of these hymns is one of the facts with which historians of American culture must reckon. Publishers complain that there is little or no demand for good poetry; but year in and year out the Moody and Sankey hymns keep the presses busy.

Such revival services as first gave them vogue we are not likely to see again, at least in the East. The efficacy of this method of appeal is now gravely distrusted even in denominations—like the Methodist and Baptist—which once relied on it. Mr. Moody himself, in his later years, is said to have doubted whether the effect of revivals was permanent. He found that, after the excitement had died out, the tears and groans from "conviction of sin" and the ecstacies of conversion left many men about where they were before, only a little more indifferent and callous. A community "burnt over" by a wild revival often proved a difficult field to cultivate by sober and steady means. Mr. Moody's interest thus became more and more engaged in forming the character of the young by the slow, calm, and laborious process of education. The results of that work were, he thought, lasting.

With the passing of the old-fashioned revival, which from Whitefield to Moody has thrown whole cities into agitation, the few hymns that are peculiarly fitted to provoke a religious frenzy may perhaps fall into disuse. But the bulk of the "Gospel Hymns" seem likely to hold their own indefinitely. In the first place, it must be said that the book contains many old favorites by hymn-writers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century—such as Watts's "There Is a Land of Pure Delight," Toplady's "Rock of Ages," John Mason Neale's "Ah, My Heart," and Keble's "Sun of My Soul." These, however, which are found in many other collections, are not the characteristic "Gospel Hymns." The distinctive feature of Mr. Sankey's book is those lively, rattling pieces like "Hold the Fort" and "Pull for the Shore" and the crudely sentimental hymns of Fanny J. Crosby, P. P. Bliss, and their imitators. The music, from the point of view of a severe critic, is as contemptible as that of a music-hall ditty; but it has some of the same popular qualities. The air is simple, strongly marked, easy to sing, easy to remember, "catching"—just the thing for children and for adults who in their musical taste are still children. And the words fit the music. Many of the hymns are a mere wooden versification of the commonplaces one hears in the "testimonies" and exhortations at a Methodist prayer-meeting. This, for example, by Miss Crosby (Mrs. Van Alstyne):

> Now just a word for Jesus,
> Your dearest friend so true,
> Come, cheer our hearts and tell us
> What He has done for you.
>
> Refrain:
>
> Now just a word for Jesus—
> 'Twill help us on our way;
> One little word for Jesus,
> O speak, or sing, or pray.

Less baldly hortatory, but worse in point of style, are these lines by Mr. Bliss:

> Oh, how happy are we
> Who in Jesus agree,
> And expect His return from above;
> We sit 'neath His vine and delightfully join
> In the praise of His excellent love.
>
> When united to Him
> We partake of the stream
> Ever flowing in peace from the throne,
> We in Jesus believe, and the Spirit receive
> That proceeds from the Father and Son.

But the book is notable chiefly for its sentimentality—with "The Ninety and Nine," "Where Is My Boy To-night?" "I Am So Glad that Jesus Loves Me," "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," and hundreds more in the same vein.

The taste for this sort of psalmody seems to flourish as vigorously as ever, especially in the country. Millions of people derive enjoyment and edification from the kind of talk that is heard at a rural prayer-meeting. They are not disturbed by the unspirituality and crass materialism of the ideas there presented. They are not fastidious about either the form or substance of religious truth, and without a qualm they throw themselves into songs such as we have quoted. Human nature being what it is, and the liking for bathos being so widespread and ineradicable, the "Gospel Hymns" as a whole will probably remain popular and even increase in popularity for a long time to come. The people who sing them with such zest would not appreciate the delicacy and refinement, in thought and expression, of the few great hymns. For these honest folk the triviality of the music, the cheapness of style, the shallowness of conception, and the cloying sentimentality are exactly what lend charm to the "Gospel Hymns." While the *Ladies' Home Journal* continues the model of a successful periodical in America, the "Gospel Hymns" will go on selling by the million.

And yet we would not undervalue these hymns—the solace they have brought in sorrow, the inspiration in moments of despondency, the strength in the hour of weakness. They are, after all, not to be judged by the strict canons of musical and literary art. In their own field they are a law unto themselves. Many a man who can coolly dissect poetry and music of far higher technical excellence and can lay his finger unerringly upon the flaws, would hesitate to subject these hymns to critical analysis; for behind the empty and jingling words may lie a world of tender memory and profound emotion. The familiar cadence may recall the quiet Sundays of childhood and the menacing or pleading voice of the preacher; the aspirations of youth and its lofty resolves; and the solemn farewells of death. These images may come thronging back, more vivid than any evoked by the organ-notes of Milton. And even those for whom personally the "Gospel Hymns" may mean little or nothing, will do well to remember that it was Pater, a very high priest of culture, who said that "nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, nor oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by ac-

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tual human minds, nothing about which they have ever been passionate or expended time and zeal."

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The most recent issue of the Bibliophile Society is a volume entitled, "Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell: Private Correspondence." It consists of letters written by Dickens to his first love, Maria Beadnell, said to be the original of Dora of "David Copperfield" and Flora of "Little Dorrit." The book is edited by Prof. George Pierce Baker of Harvard, and the original letters belong to W. K. Bixby of St. Louis, whose generosity in allowing the society use of his unpublished manuscripts has done much to give its publications a permanent interest.

"David Copperfield" was, as is well known, largely autobiographical; and Forster in his "Life of Dickens" prints a long extract from a letter written to him by Dickens in 1855, telling of the intensity of his early passion. But Forster does not give the name of the young woman, and it is not certain that he knew it. Maria Beadnell was the daughter of John Beadnell, manager for a firm of bankers, Smith, Payne & Smith. Dickens was introduced to the family by his friend Henry Kolle, who married Anne Beadnell in May, 1833, shortly after the first five of the letters here printed were written. These five letters are apparently the ending of a happy intercourse of some months. In the first of them, dated only "March 18," Dickens declares that their recent meetings have been "little more than so many displays of heartless indifference" on her part, and he returns to her some present which he says "I have always prized, as I still do, far beyond anything I ever possessed." The original of this letter was returned to Dickens, and it is printed from a copy retained by Miss Beadnell. Of the other letters of this first series one is undated, the others are dated simply "Thursday," "Friday," and "Sunday," but all were written within a few days. There was apparently never any engagement, but that Dickens was on familiar terms with the Beadnell family for three years or more is shown by a poem, "The Bill of Fare," written in the autumn of 1831. The manuscript of this, preserved by Miss Beadnell, is also printed in the volume. In it Dickens characterizes his friends, including the Beadnells, and of himself says :

> And Charles Dickens, who in our Feast plays a part,
> Is a young Summer Cabbage, without any heart;—
> Not that he's heartless, but because, as folks say,
> He lost his, twelve months ago from last May.

But on April 2, 1836, Dickens married Catherine Hogarth, and Miss Beadnell (perhaps earlier) married Henry Winter.

More than twenty years later a new correspondence was taken up, and twelve letters written to Mrs. Winter in 1855, 1857, 1858, and 1862, are included in the volume. The first of these letters are full of thoughts of the past. In one dated February 22, 1855, he says:

> A few days ago (just before Copperfield) I began to write my Life, intending the manuscript to be found among my papers when its subject should be concluded. But as I began to approach within sight of that part of it [referring to his early love] I lost courage, and burned the rest.

But after he had seen Mrs. Winter, Dickens seemed to feel that the youthful romance was gone, and a different tone pervades the later letters. He gave her a copy of David Copperfield inscribed "Charles Dickens to Maria Winter. In remembrance of old times." It is possible, perhaps probable, that Dickens preserved Miss Beadnell's letters until that September day in 1860 of which he wrote:

> Yesterday I burnt in the field at Gad's Hill the accumulated letters and papers of twenty years. They sent up a smoke like the genie when he got out of the casket on the seashore, and as it was an exquisite day when I began, and rained very heavily when I finished, I suspect my correspondence of having overcast the face of the heavens.

Professor Baker says in a foot-note:

> It is reported that some ten years ago a series of letters from Dickens to the friend of his youth, Henry Kolle, changed hands in Birmingham, England. The present editor hopes that the publication of the letters in this book may bring this set to light, for they should supplement and explain the letters here given.

The letters to Kolle were acquired by the late Augustin Daly, and at the dispersal of his collection after his death, they passed into the library of a private collector in this city, but it is not likely that the present owner will consent to their being printed.

The Bibliophile Society volume is sumptuously got up. It contains several new portraits, including an etching by W. H. Bicknell from a painting, signed "E. P., 1870," found in the collection of the actor J. L. Toole, and now owned by Mr. Bixby; a reproduction of an unpublished drawing by Charles Martin; Dickens at the age of eighteen from a miniature by his aunt, Mrs. Janet Barrows; and three portraits from unpublished sketches taken by Pierre Morand while Dickens was in America. Of these one is a full-length printed in colors, one a bust profile, and the third, heads of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. Four hundred and ninety-three copies have been printed for members, but some extra copies have also been printed on special paper for Mr. Bixby. The engraved title-page is the work of F. S. King.

In the Seventh Year Book of the Society, sent out by members with the Dickens volume, the treasurer says:

> Two persons have been dropped from our rolls in the past year because it was found that as soon as they got their books they promptly placed them in the auction room for the purpose of selling them at a profit.

Among the original material printed from manuscripts in this Year Book is an article by Sir Walter Scott, entitled "Literary Information," supposed to be the earlier chapters of "The History of John Bull," which appeared in the *Weekly Journal*, though these chapters are not there printed. Another is an important letter from Robert Fulton to President Monroe, January 20, 1811, relating to Fulton's steamboat patents and his disputes with Fitch. The volume has an etched frontispiece on copper by J. W. Spenceley.

The second Dickens exhibition, under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship, has opened in the new Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly, London; it will close September 29. The features of the exhibition are portraits and illustrations, letters and manuscripts, and a complete set of first editions. The catalogue has been prepared by J. W. T. Ley and Percy Fitzgerald.

To the Westminster Series of technical books (D. Van Nostrand Company) has just been added "The Book: Its History and Development," by Cyril Davenport. The chapters on printing, paper, methods of illustration, leathers used in binding, and ornamentation of bindings have brought together much interesting information for the collector. Since Mr. Davenport's special field is bookbinding (he is author of the monographs on Thomas Berthelet and Samuel Mearne, published by the Caxton Club of Chicago), he naturally gives binding and decoration greater prominence than printing. Although both vellum and parchment are now generally characterized as vellum, Mr. Davenport points out that this term should only be applied to the prepared skins of calves, that from sheep or goats being parchment. Russia leather, a calfskin prepared with willow bark and scented with birch oil, soon dries out, the binding breaks at the hinges, and the surface rubs off in a dry powder in our modern heated houses. The leather will last longer, he says, if the book is frequently handled, for it absorbs a small amount of animal oil from the hands. Human skin, used occasionally in the binding of books, "looks like thick calf, and it is most difficult to get entirely rid of the hair." Mr. Davenport cautions collectors against spurious old bindings, especially those purporting to be books from the libraries of Grolier, Henry II. of France, and those known as "Canevari" bindings. He says:

> A fraudulent finisher looks out for an old Italian book of the right date, bound in plain leather. Then he copies parts from one or other of the many Groliers which can be seen and studied by any Londoner or Parisian for the asking, and if he is fairly clever at his trade it will take a very skilled expert to detect the fraud. Many such imitations are about, and every day they become more like genuine examples.

We notice a few misprints as "broad" for "bound," in the last line of page 154, and "De Santy" for De Sauty" on page 231.

The latest addition to the London Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is "The Book-Hunter," by John Hill Burton. Since the first publication of this delightful work in 1860 it has been reprinted in various forms. The present edition, like all the other volumes in the series, is remarkably well made for the price. Some foot-notes have been added by J. Herbert Slater, author of "Book Prices Current," "How to Collect Books," and "Early Editions."

The Graphische Gesellschaft of Germany has undertaken the reproduction of the "Edelsteine," a collection of fables by Ulrich Boner, originally published by Albert Phister. Only two copies are extant, one dated 1461, in the library at Wolfenbüttel, the other without a date in the Royal Library of Berlin. These volumes are generally regarded as the oldest German publications with movable type and illustrations. The new edition is to be a photographic reproduction of the Berlin copy. The agent of the Gesellschaft, Bruno Cassirer, Berlin, receives subscriptions at 30 marks per copy.

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Correspondence.

A PLEA FOR THE LOCK-STEP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As to the "lock-step" in the public grammar schools (which you condemn in your article "Straining the Theory of Democracy," August 6), the question may be asked whether or no the uniform pace has not its advantages in most cases? The course of study is laid out for the work of the normal child under normal conditions, and it represents about all that the ordinary child can do under ordinary conditions. It is the result of countless experiments during many years of trial. It represents about all the mental work that most children can safely and profitably do during four years of school between the ages of ten and fourteen. Yet there is no question that by eliminating part of the programme and by hard driving, one could hustle classes through the course of study in considerably less time. But would it pay?

The child requires a certain length of time to assimilate its mental food; it must ruminate, chew, and digest; ideas have to percolate, sink in, and adapt themselves to multitudes of other new and strange impressions and inferences. The things a child has to learn look very simple to us older persons, but to the nascent mind these same things loom large and formidable. A commercial transaction that seems to us as plain as the nose on your face seems to the child a most complicated and wondrous phenomenon. A simple historical event or geographical fact, if duly comprehended and assimilated to other knowledge already in the child's mind, is, when first met, a most marvellous affair. Each fresh phenomenon must be studied, measured, tested, and classified for reference and subsequent use. It hardly needs to be pointed out that this elaborate and complicated process of assimilation, rearrangement, and adaptation requires time. It is true that you can drive a child through the regular course of study and you may think he has accomplished the work, but he probably hasn't. The child has in one sense to chew its cud like a cow, not bolt its food like a dog.

So much for the normal cases. Now in the case of the exceptionally bright child the course of study offers plenty to do. Every well equipped grammar school has in its library a number of supplementary volumes. If a child has an interest in history, he can slake his thirst with generous pulls at Parkman, Fiske, or Rhodes. If a child naturally and spontaneously takes to geography, mathematics, or literature, he will find plenty of material to appease his hunger. Mischievousness in school is generally the direct result of misused superfluous energy, and a teacher of plain common sense, though no psychologist, will ordinarily know enough to set a mischievous boy to work on some of the many subsidiary and ancillary subjects intended for just such cases. And it surely can't be said that the child is wasting time spent in a school library under competent and sympathetic direction. The grammar school curriculum may be said to regulate the speed of the progress of the child along the highway of knowledge; there is a minimum width for the swath he *must* cut, but there is hardly any limit to the width he *may* cut. It is frankly not adapted to the case of a future Mill or a Macaulay—the one child out of ten million. The fact that it is not so adapted entitles it to generous appreciation.

On the other hand it is easy to underestimate the value of play in school, if by play is meant spontaneous activity in directions *prima facie* pleasurable and attractive to the child. The time spent in the gymnasium in rhythmic movements to music or in miniature athletic contests between sides or teams enables the child to accomplish more serious work during the day than would be possible without them. The psychological value of a good hearty romp has only lately been appreciated in scholastic circles. The child's mind is incapable of sustained effort for a long period; about the total of progress in modern pedagogy consists in learning how to alternate work and play; the old school used the rod to stimulate flagging interest; the modern school watches the child till the fatigue point is reached, when an entirely new set of activities is started. The boy that saws wood with intervals of turning a handspring and rolling on the grass will saw more wood than the boy who tries to keep at that task without recreation. The doctrine of interest is, of course, often overworked and much namby-pamby coddling occasionally occurs, but that fact need not prevent a recognition of its substantial value.

The elementary school, the period of childhood, is the most important epoch of the human being's life. The strength, poise, endurance, and resistance, mental and physical, of after life depend directly on the heartiness and fulness of the individual's childhood. He can be hurried or he can be retarded—to his own harm. But the accepted principles of modern child study agree that the child should be given ample time to grow, both mentally and physically, and that all hurrying and crowding should be discouraged. E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, August 10.

A TRIBUTE TO FRANÇOIS LAURENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I thank you for publishing in your issue of August 6 the eloquent and well-deserved tribute to François Laurent by ex-President White of Cornell. More than fifty years ago, when I was a student of the University of Pennsylvania, my attention was directed to Laurent's "History of Humanity," by the late Provost Stillé, and at his suggestion I wrote a notice of Laurent's work for the *Penn Monthly*, which seemed to please Laurent. Later through the kindness of the late Senator Lippens, one of the Liberal leaders of Ghent and Belgium, I had the honor of making the personal acquaintance of Laurent. I have never forgotten the pathos of his statement that as a native of Luxembourg, he was a man without a nationality, and therefore well fitted to write his "History of International Law." To Lippens and the Liberals of Belgium, Laurent was always an admirable example of sound liberal culture. President White's summary of Laurent's contributions to history will, I hope, introduce him to your younger readers, and lead many Americans to contribute to his statue. J. G. R.

Philadelphia, August 8.

THE WISDOM OF INDIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I thank you for a very sympathetic review of my translation of the "Bhagavad Gita," in your issue of August 6. But as to the "wisdom of India" being the property of the Rajput race, will you allow me to supply a few references? First, as to the four races, which made up the ancient Indian polity. This fact was well recognized in ancient India, as, for instance, in the following passage from the "Mahabharata" (Shantiparvan," l. 6,934):

> Of the Brahmans white is the color, and of the Kshattriyas red;
> Of the Vaishyas yellow is the color, and of the Shudras black.

The Kshattriyas are further described, a few lines later, as "red-limbed"; two different Sanskrit words, *lohita* and *rakta*, being used to describe their skin-color. In an essay, "The Red Rajputs," published in the *Asiatic Quarterly*, the testimony of such men as Fitzedward Hall, Sir William Moore, Sir George Birdwood, Gen. Sir Richard Meade, and Sir Richard Temple, all familiar with Rajputana and its peoples, is cited to prove that the Rajputs of to-day are "red," and "red-limbed," as they were in the days of the "Mahabharata."

Having distinguished between the two races, the white Brahmans and the red Rajputs, it remains to see which has the better claim to the "Indian wisdom." The spiritual eminence of the Rajputs, or Rajanyas—they have both names in ancient Sanskrit—is recognized by such scholars as Weber, Deussen, Elphinstone, Muir, and others; but the decisive proof is in the ancient scriptures themselves. Thus, in the "Panchagnividya" (in the "Brhadaranyaka Upanishad"), which contains the essence of the "Indian wisdom," and notably the twin doctrines of Liberation and Reincarnation, we have these notable words, addressed by a red Rajput to a Brahman:

> Therefore reproach us not, O descendant of the Gotamas, thou and thy forefathers, since this Wisdom has not dwelt in any Brahman before thee; but I will declare it to thee, for who is worthy to refuse thee, speaking thus?

On this Shankaracharya comments:

> This teaching, asked for by thee, before being given to thee, never dwelt in any Brahman, and thou also knowest that this teaching was always handed down from Master to disciple among the Kshattriyas.

The parallel passage in the "Chhandogya Upanishad" is even more striking:

> As this teaching, O descendant of the Gotamas, never before thee goes to the Brahmans, but among all peoples was the instruction of the Kshattra. . . .

Again Shankaracharya comments:

> Before thee, this teaching went not to the Brahmans, nor were the Brahmans initiated into this wisdom; formerly among all peoples this was the teaching at the initiation of pupils of the Kshattriya race. For so long a time this teaching was handed down in succession of Master and disciple among the Kshattriyas.

Both "Upanishads" explicitly describe the speaker of these words as a Rajanya; that is, a Rajput.

This ought to be decisive. It is supported by the fact that the Vedic hymns make no mention of the twin doctrines of Liberation and Reincarnation, but are under

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the sway of primitive ancestor worship, exactly like that which prevails in Korea to-day. Further, Krishna was a Rajput, and, in the "Bhagavad Gita," expressly declares that "this doctrine was handed down by the Rajanya sages." Buddha was also a Rajput, of the race of Ikshvaku, whom Krishna mentions, in the passage cited (Bh. G. IV.). Therefore I think we are justified in saying that "the wisdom of India" is the hereditary teaching of the Rajput race.

CHARLES JOHNSTON,
Bengal Civil Service, retired.

New York, August 8.

Notes.

Among the books soon to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons are: "The Great Fight: Poems and Sketches," by the late William Henry Drummond, with a biographical sketch by May Harvey Drummond (Mrs. W. H. Drummond); "Narrative Lyrics," by Edward L. White; "Racial Contrasts: Distinguishing Traits of the Græco-Latins and Teutons," by Albert Gehring; "A Commentary," described as "a series of typical character sketches or social studies," by John Galsworthy; "The Niagara River." by Archer B. Hulbert; and "The Writings of Washington," a volume of selections edited by Prof. Lawrence B. Evans. This last book is the first of a series, entitled Writings of American Statesmen, which will eventually contain selections from the pens of Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, and perhaps others.

Among the publications promised for the coming season by the McClure Co. is Volume III., of "The Reminiscences" of Carl Schurz, completing the set; "The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy, and the History of Christian Science," by Georgine Milmine; "The Boyhood of Lincoln," by Eleanor Atkinson; "The Death of Lincoln," by Clara E. Laughlin; "Justice and Liberty," by G. Lowes Dickinson; "Hungary and the Hungarians," by W. B. Forster Bovill; "A Book About Yorkshire," one of the volumes in the English Countryside Series, by J. S. Fletcher; "A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador," by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, jr.; "Paris," in McClure's Vest Pocket Guides; "The Guest of Quesnay," by Booth Tarkington; "The Point of Honor," a military tale, by Joseph Conrad; "The Great Miss Driver," by Anthony Hope; "The Wild Geese," by Stanley Weyman; "Lynch's Daughter," by Leonard Merrick; "The Gentle Grafter," by O. Henry; and "Round the Fireside," a collection of stories by A. Conan Doyle.

Henry Frowde announces as in preparation for the Oxford University Press, "Pacific Blockade," by Albert E. Hogan, and the "Poetics" of Aristotle, edited with a translation and commentary by I. Bywater. To the Oxford Library of Translations will be added Virgil, by John Jackson, Statius's "Silvae," by D. A. Slater, and Jowett's Translation of Plato's "Republic."

B. W. Huebsch, New York, announces for publication this autumn: "With the Battle Fleet," by Franklin Matthews, a record of the voyage of the Atlantic fleet from Hampton Roads to San Francisco.

Warner's "American Charities," for several years a standard work of reference, is to be presented in entirely revised and enlarged form by its publishers, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. The same firm announces a new poetic version of "The Pearl," by Prof. Sophie Jewett of Wellesley.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce as soon to be published "Historic Ghosts and Ghost-Hunters," by H. Addington Bruce.

Among recent reprints is a handsome edition of Lady Charlotte Bury's "Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting," in two volumes, with eighteen full-page portraits (John Lane Co.' When the work first came out in 1838, under the title, "Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth," it had a *succès de scandale;* indeed 5,000 copies were sold of the *Literary Gazette*, which supplied some of the names that had been left blank. The book has since passed through a number of editions. Part of the interest lies in the fact that it was written by one of the most beautiful and popular women of the time, and part in the fact that it gives a vivacious and almost scandalously intimate picture of Princess Caroline, whose indiscretions and whose troubles with her husband had made her name notorious in England and on the Continent. Though the "Diary" was published anonymously, the authorship was easy to guess, for Lady Charlotte, as a lady-in-waiting to the unhappy princess, was familiar with her life and her circle of friends; Lady Charlotte was also a fashionable novelist. Into the matters which the "Diary" treats we cannot go here; the story is an old one. Both the Prince Regent—afterward George the Fourth—and the Princess Caroline had their bitter partisans; but perhaps the rights and wrongs of the case were summed up in a sentence attributed to the daughter of the ill-mated pair: "My mother was wicked, but she would not have turned out so wicked had not my father been much more wicked still." This book has often been quoted; Thackeray drew on it for some of the touches in his "Four Georges." We have room here for only a short bit about Shelley, from a letter written at Oxford in 1811 by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe:

> Talking of books, we have lately had a literary Sun shine forth upon us here, before whom our former luminaries must hide their diminished heads—a Mr. Shelley, of University College, who lives upon arsenic, aqua-fortis, half-an-hour's sleep in the night, and is desperately in love with the memory of Margaret Nicholson. He hath published, what he terms, the Posthumous Poems, printed for the benefit of Mr. Peter Finnerty; which, I am grieved to say, though stuffed full of treason, are extremely dull; but the Author is a great genius, and, if he be not clapped up in Bedlam or hanged, will certainly prove one of the sweetest swans on the tuneful margin of the Charwell.

For the present edition A. Francis Steuart writes a short but competent introduction and a number of footnotes. He also fills out, so far as possible, the blank names of the original edition.

With the fourth volume, Harry A. Cushing completes his "Writings of Samuel Adams" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). More than half the volume is composed of letters written during the Revolution, and the subsequent years offer little in quantity or in subject matter. Adams's jealousies are personal, as well as political, for he fears Washington, internal enemies, Deane, the refugees, the Cincinnati, and the rulers of the people. "I was led to believe in early Life that Jealousy is a political Virtue" and "one of the greatest Securities of Publick Liberty"; but he showed this political virtue in so many directions as to reduce his public usefulness, and strongly affect his relations with his colleagues. He was not a good judge of men, and took up doubtful causes with an obstinacy that made him impracticable. He criticised Washington, for many reasons, and he much disliked Hancock. He was a firm believer in Arthur Lee, whose unbalanced mind caused so much trouble in France and in the United States; and he was a partisan of Gates and Landais. The letters on Manley, Temple, and Deane are good examples of his bias. He was in a condition of perpetual alarm, fearing that America was "too unsuspecting long to continue free," and that the arts of the British would succeed where arms had failed. Social pleasures became to him forms of dissipation, and he was severe upon the tendencies to extravagance in dress or living. With so strict ideas, he naturally took a high view of public office, and his devotion and incorruptibility long made him the trusted representative of Massachusetts in Congress. "No man," he wrote, "has a claim on his country upon the score of his having rendered public service." Mr. Cushing has shown industry in gathering his material, but his notes could have been more illuminative in explaining many of the references in the letters. To one who should read the whole work, these references will generally be clear. A compilation of this sort is not, however, read, but consulted, and a short note or the use of a name instead of a letter would be of assistance. For examples: the member of Congress on page 45 was Dana, the Pennsylvanian approached by the British commissioners (p. 47) was Reed, the deceased friend (p. 167) was Warren. The usefulness of the four volumes is much diminished by the very imperfect index, which is, in fact, all an index should not be. It tells nothing (see under Massachusetts), and it omits many references (as to Kirkland, p. 313). Why should there be Romane and Romanet in text and index for the same person, and an imperfect proclamation on p. 92, when the full text was readily accessible? In spite of its defects, the work is valuable, and will do much to establish the position of Adams in the history of the Revolution.

"International Law Applied to the Russo-Japanese War," by Sakuyé Takahashi (New York: The Banks Law Publishing Co.), is the most recent addition to the extensive literature on the international questions and legal relations raised by the Russo-Japanese war. The work falls far short of the excellence that was to have been expected from an author who had been one of three legal advisers to the Department of Foreign Affairs of Japan during the war. There is evidence of great familiarity with the facts, and numerous documents of value have been incorporated, but the result produced is that of a collection of facts, selected without due proportion, rather than a systematic discussion of the principles of international law as they were applied in the war. Some of the most important cases, such as the Allanton, Arabia, Smo-

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lensk, and the North Sea incident, are not included, on the ground of their familiarity to the Western world. Careless statements, English far from idiomatic and bearing unmistakable marks of its foreign authorship, misprints in quotations from foreign languages, and a general tone of extolling Japanese observances in contrast to Russian breaches of international law mar the value of the book.

In recent years a number of works have been written on the local nomenclature of Celtic Scotland. "The Place-Names of Decies" (London: David Nutt), by the Rev. P. Power, is a valuable study of the same sort for a piece of Irish territory. The ground covered is the present diocese of Waterford and Lismore, which appears to correspond to the former domain of the Deisi. The population in the region is still to a considerable extent Irish-speaking, and ancient names and traditions are well preserved. In bringing them together the author has done a service to linguistic and historical students alike. The facts with which he deals are not in most cases such as can be tested without making observations on the spot, but his method of handling them is sound and cautious, and he seems to have spared no pains in procuring information both from old records and from oral tradition. The introduction, in so far as it treats matters of history and ethnology, is meagre and unsatisfactory—a hasty summary of opinions, parts of which are extremely doubtful. The author's general account of his own results, however, is full of interest and instruction. One of his judgments may be cited as correcting a widespread impression. There has been much exaggeration, he holds, regarding the poetry latent in Irish place-names. "The dreamy country schoolmaster and the disciple of Vallancey" have read into them unwarranted complexity of idea, whereas they are really for the most part the simplest of descriptive appellations. Mr. Power's lists confirm this statement, so far as the land of the Deisi is concerned. Yet we are struck even here with the number of mythological or legendary names.

T. R. Sullivan's "Lands of Summer" is an unassuming little book, containing, as its sub-title announces, "Sketches in Italy, Sicily, and Greece." With none of the ecstasies and personalities that usually form the preface to similar volumes, Mr. Sullivan, with refreshing directness, plunges us at once in his first chapter—unfortunately entitled, "Spring Time with Theocritus"—into the "ghastly parody of real spring" that chill April air may produce even in Taormina, and then proceeds to describe at length a strike in Catania. The second chapter deals in a cursory fashion with the route usually followed by the non-archæological traveller in Greece, and the rest of the book treats of places in Italy more rarely visited by tourists—the Casentino, the Pistoian Apennines, and the Bergamesque Alps. Mr. Sullivan does not offend our taste by attempting to discuss technically subjects in which he is merely a layman; but he writes of Italy with an unpretentious assurance that comes only from old acquaintance with country and people, and his accounts of Poppi and Gavinana, for example, form interesting supplements to the all-important Baedeker. But the work lacks distinction, a quality as difficult to define in the case of a book as of an individual. The narratives leave us wondering just why they were narrated; the descriptions recall pleasantly what our eyes have beheld, but they fail to make the unfamiliar live before us. The book's "failings lean to virtue's side," but its virtues are not on a conspicuously high level, and as a whole it is scarcely less monochrome (but more attractive) than its sickly blue cover. It is to be regretted that the illustrations, otherwise good, are half-tones far below the standard of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Over-Sea Britain" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by E. F. Knight, is the first of two volumes intended to offer in a work of moderate size a comprehensive account of the British Empire, its origin, history, and the physical, political, and commercial geography of its various parts. The "nearer empire," including the Mediterranean, British Africa, and British America, is the subject of this volume. The plan of treatment is to give a general description of a country, as South Africa or Canada, its physical features, some ethnological data, the principal historical events, the products, and the government, and then a particular description of the same kind for each separate colony. It should be noted that there is no information in regard to religion, education, and finance. In a work largely devoted to facts and figures absolute accuracy would, of course, be impossible. The statistics agree substantially with those of the Statesman's Year Book, but in some instances they differ so materially as to awaken serious doubt as to their correctness. In reference to dates we have noted only three errors: both 1493 and 1494 are printed as the year of the promulgation of the Papal Bull giving Africa to Portugal and the Americas to Spain; 1484 and 1486 for the first doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by Diaz; and 1871 and 1872 for the transfer of the Dutch of their trading posts on the Gold Coast. But these are minor blemishes, easily corrected in another edition. Though the book is not intended for the casual reader, the author has a pleasant style, and there are occasional touches showing a familiarity with most of the countries treated, as, for instance, his attractive picture of an English farm in Cape Colony, with its beautiful flower garden, orchard, and grain fields all encircled by the boundless veldt, where thousands of cattle and sheep are grazing. Nine maps and an excellent index add much to the usefulness of the book as a work of reference.

The latest volume in the series of text-books issued by the Central Committee on the United Study of Missions is "The Nearer and Farther East," by Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer and Dr. Arthur Judson Brown (The Macmillan Co.). The contrast in treatment between the first and the last halves of the volume is as suggestive as it is striking. Dr. Zwemer, who writes on the general characteristics of Islam and the problem of Christian missions in Mohammedan countries, dwells vividly and fervently on the points in which Mohammedan theory and practice in religion, morality, and government, especially as regards the status of women and freedom of thought and discussion, are inferior to those of Christianity; at the same time, he frankly admits the slow gains of Christianity in Moslem countries, and notes the comparatively slight efforts which as yet have been put forth in that direction. That the specific allegations of fact, however partial the presentation, are true, and that the chapters as a whole are distinctly informing, does not take this part of the book out of the class of appeals in which the absolute sufficiency of Christianity, and the absolute hopelessness of a people professing any other form of faith, is the main thesis. Dr. Brown, on the other hand, who writes of Siam, Burma, and Korea, describes in a broad and straightforward fashion the physical, social, and political conditions of those countries, with simple recitals, excellently put, of what enlightened missionary effort has accomplished. The one writer has a repellent but powerful mass of error to combat, the other a record of achievement to narrate. One cannot but hope that those who will use this volume as a basis for missionary studies in churches and societies may rise from the complacent spirituality of the first part to the wider social plane of the second. We cannot discuss details, but the movement for denominational union in missionary work in Korea, which Dr. Brown sketches, deserves mention as one of the most hopeful of recent developments.

Three university centres of Germany have recently sent out excellent collections of characteristic academic sermons. The volume by Dr. C. Stange of Greifswald, entitled "Akademische Predigten" (Leipzig: Dieterich), is an expression of progressive orthodoxy. More conservative in matter and manner is the volume by the four Rostock theologians, Profs. Wilhelm Walther, J. F. Hashagen, Justus Köberle, and Richard Grützmacher, entitled, "Ein Herr—ein Glaube: Rostocker akademische Predigten" (Wismar: Hans Bartholdi). From Halle comes an excellent collection entitled "Akademische Predigten," belonging to the series of modern religious discourses known as Prediger der Gegenwart, published by C. Ludwig Ungelenk, Dresden and Leipzig. The author is the church historian Prof. Frederich Loofs.

Hans Hinrich Wendt, professor in Jena, has just published a substantial volume of 676 pages, "System der christlichen Lehre" (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht). The work runs largely along the Ritschlian lines, but from a modern point of view; and is semi-popular in manner of presentation. A characteristic of Wendt is that he substitutes for the traditional formal basis of Protestantism, the authority of the Scriptures, the original gospel of Jesus, which finds its official expression in the Synoptics and partly also in John.

Dr. Johannes Müller, whose religious writings, such as his interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, his "Hemmungen des Lebens," and his "Von den Quellen des Lebens," have been very popular, has just issued a new work, "Bausteine für persönliche Kultur" (Munich: C. H. Beck). It consists of three parts: "Das Problem des Lebens," "Persönliches Leben," "Das Ziel."

Considerable independent scholarship is evinced by the Catholic professor of theology, Dr. W. Homanner, who has just published in the Biblische Studien (Freiburg-im-B.; Herder) "Die Dauer der öffentlichen Wirksamkeit Jesu: Eine patristisch-exegetische Studie." The work is a de-

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fence of the three-year ministry of Christ as against the more or less current hypothesis of one year.

The same house has just issued as one number in the Strassburger theologische Studien, a work by Dr. J. M. Pfättisch, "Die Rede Konstantins des Grossen an die Versammlung der Heiligen," in which the author vigorously defends the authenticity of this famous document, which has quite generally been regarded as spurious.

Eduard Schwartz is issuing in two editions, on the basis of careful textual studies, what is doubtless the best form in which the original Greek of the Church History of Eusebius has thus far appeared. Herr Schwartz began in 1903 with the first volume of the large edition, containing also the Latin translation of Rufinus of Aquileja, as edited by Mommsen. Early this year the second volume, containing the second half of the History, from books 6 to 10, appeared. Before publishing the third and last volume of this edition, to contain extensive prolegomena and other literary apparatus, Schwartz has just got out a text edition, entitled, "Eusebius Kirchengeschichte; Kleine Ausgabe" (Leipzig: Hinrichs).

The Verlagsanstalt Concordia in Berlin has begun to issue under the general title Das Erbe a collection of what can be regarded as the permanent contributions of leading writers to literature. Each volume is supplied with biographical and literary notes. The editor, Ernst Lissauer, inaugurates the venture with a selection from the poems of Eduard Mörike.

One of the fruits of the recent sixtieth anniversary of the reign of the Austrian Emperor is a collection of poems "Felix Austria: Österreichische Dichter im Jubiläumsjahre 1908," edited by J. F. Willigens (Vienna: Verlag Lumen). There are some fifty-two contributors.

Humor as viewed by a German scientific critic is expounded in "Heine und sein Witz," a desiccated *Abhandlung* of 200 pages by Erich Eckertz (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The introduction seeks to define the joke as Heine felt it, and one of the chapters points out that a thousand and more jokes of the ancient Jews, Teutons, and Gauls flowed in the blood of Heine's ancestors until they united in a common joke that thrilled the author of the "Reisebilder." Another chapter treats of Heine's own jokes and those he stole from others, and points out the close or distant relationship of Heine's humor to that of such distinguished predecessors and contemporaries as Aristophanes, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, Lessing, and Jean Paul. There is also a catalogue of Heine's rhyming jokes, another of his jokes in prose, still another of his thrusts at himself, and finally a formidable list of Heine's puns.

"Roma e lo Stato del Papa dal ritorno di Pio IX. al XX. Settembre," by R. de Cesare (Rome, Forzani & Co. 2 vol., pp. xii. +395; 489), has proved one of the most popular books of the year in Italy. It is a narrative history of the loss of the temporal power of the Papacy, written by a Catholic and based upon unpublished documents, some of first-rate importance, and upon oral traditions, which were fast being forgotten. Its serious side has received the praise of competent critics, while the abundance of anecdotes pleases those who seek mere entertainment.

An association, called Gesellschaft zur Erhaltung der Lessinghauses in Berlin als Museum, has been organized for the purpose of converting into a museum the house, Königsstrasse 10, where the poet lived, 1765-67, and wrote "Minna von Barnhelm" and "Laokoon." Several rooms are already filled with Lessing mementos. The membership fee is five marks.

In response to an appeal issued a year ago, a sufficient sum has been received for the erection of a memorial to Berthold Auerbach, and the Duke of Baden has authorized Prof. H. Volz of Karlsruhe to prepare a bust larger than life, to be ready for unveiling next May in Cannstadt.

Ainsworth Rand Spofford, for many years librarian of Congress, died August 11 at Holderness, N. H., in his eighty-third year. He was born in Gilmanton, N. H., and after trying both book-selling and journalism in Cincinnati, he was appointed in 1861 assistant librarian of Congress. From 1864 to 1897 he was the chief librarian, and since 1897 he had been the chief assistant. He contributed numerous articles to the magazines; he edited the Catalogues of the Congressional Library and the American Annual Almanac (1878-1889); in collaboration with others he edited the "Library of Choice Literature," "Library of Historic Characters and Famous Events," and "Library of Wit and Humor"; and he was author of "Practical Manual of Parliamentary Rules" and "A Book for All Readers."

Friedrich Paulsen, professor of philosophy and pedagogy in the University of Berlin, died in Berlin August 14. He was born in 1846 in Langenhorn, studied in Erlangen and Berlin, and in 1871 received his doctor's degree. He began his teaching as a docent at Berlin in 1875. He has been a voluminous writer. Among his books are "Versuch einer Entwickelungsgeschichte der kantischen Erkenntnistheorie" (1875), "Gründung, Organisation, und Lebensordnungen der deutschen Universitäten im Mittelalter" (1881), "Geschichte des gelehrten Unterrichts auf den deutschen Schulen und Universitäten (1885), "System der Ethik mit einem Umriss der Staats- und Gesellschaftslehre" (1889), "Das Realgymnasium und die humanistische Bildung" (1889), "Einleitung in die Philosophie" (1891), "Immanuel Kant: Sein Leben und seine Lehre" (1898), "Schopenhauer, Hamlet, Mephistopheles: Drei Aufsätze zur Naturgeschichte des Pessimismus" (1900), "Philosophia militans: Gegen Clericalismus und Naturalismus" (1901); "Die deutschen Universitäten und das Universitätsstudium" (1902), "Zur Ethik und Politik," a collection of papers (1905), and "Das deutsche Bildungswesen in seiner geschichtlichen Entwickelung" (1906). Professor Paulsen's best known work in this country is probably his "Einleitung in die Philosophie," which, in an excellent translation by Prof. Frank Thilly, has attained popularity as a textbook. For a manual it has the rare quality of an exceptionally picturesque and animated style, which rises at times to a high plane of eloquence. Paulsen is in method an adherent of the Neo-Kantian school, with a pronounced predilection for the pan-psychic theories of Fechner. His exposition of the cosmological problems of philosophy is particularly attractive. He states the monistic and dualistic positions with absolute fairness, but subjects them to a keen criticism which precedes his own argument in favor of a universal parallelism. The same method is applied to every other problem that comes within his scope, and he thus succeeded in producing a book that is at the same time a just summary of the nature and historical development of philosophical theory in general, and a vigorous exposition of his personal views. Paulsen's "Die deutschen Universitäten" has also been translated by Professor Thilly (see the *Nation*, September 6, 1906, p. 208).

The death is announced from Paris of Arthur Ranc, chief editor of *L'Aurore*, and representative of Corsica in the French Senate. He was born at Poitiers in 1831. Among his books are "Le Roman d'une conspiration" (1868), and "Sous l'Empire" (1873.)

HOME LIFE IN VARIOUS LANDS.

Norway at Home. By Thomas B. Willson. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

New Zealand at Home. By R. A. Loughnan. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

South Africa at Home. By Robert H. Fuller. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

America at Home. By A. Maurice Low. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

Home Life in Germany. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

The first four of these volumes evidently belong to a series, although no mention of the fact is made on title-page or in preface. The design is to afford the general reader information, in easily assimilable form, in regard to the more superficial aspects of each country treated; and although no one of the books has qualities of style or thought to keep it alive, the volumes are both useful and agreeable. All four of these books are provided with indexes—albeit of the scantiest—with fairly good illustrations, often placed in entire disregard of the context, but with no maps. In the case of countries like New Zealand and South Africa, which have almost come into existence, practically speaking, since the average reader studied geography, this lack is serious.

The author of "Norway at Home" appears to be thoroughly familiar with the country and inspired by genuine affection and respect for its people. His sincerity and sympathy quite win the reader's heart and shine through the trite figures of the tame and old-fashioned style. The chief impression one receives from these painstaking pages is of an enviable, almost Arcadian simplicity of life—a country in which are no rich and no poor, no nobility, no large

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cities (there are but four towns with a population of over 30,000)—a country, moreover, where expert intelligence is applied to the problems of education, municipal government, and the regulation of the drink traffic. What strikes an American most oddly is the mixture of genuine democracy, both political and social, with a depth and tenacity of conservatism rare in much more aristocratic states. The State Church, for example, holds unquestioned sway, and confirmation according to its rites is absolutely necessary as a testimonial of character. Oddest of all in a country which knows no titles, no feudalism even in decay—of 120,000 holdings of land 109,000 are freehold—in which members of all classes mingle freely in the elementary schools, and in which $5,000 a year spells wealth, and university professors count as members of the aristocracy, is the spectacle of an overwhelming, almost unanimous vote for a monarchy over a republican form of government.

Unlike in almost every other respect, Norway and New Zealand resemble each other in the advanced stand each has taken in regard to woman suffrage. In Norway what Mr. Willson calls "the fair sex" share not only as voters but as office-holders in municipal government, and have just won, but not yet exercised, the parliamentary franchise, while their sisters in New Zealand have enjoyed full voting rights for seventeen years, with no obvious result, we are told, except—a very important exception—in the marked gain of prohibition.

Mr. Loughnan's book is one in which, in spite of the interest of the subject, it is difficult to take much pleasure. His cheap, smart, illogical style abounds in jewels like the following: "When their wives are with them, they do exactly as they do, and the influence is doubled"; "Before this the wife and mother came to the front, and taking command, the towns were not so often painted red, and the color was less lurid." His geographical chapters are so ill-planned as to be almost unintelligible in the absence of a map, his opening chapter on the population tells the reader absolutely nothing about it, and his moral tone in treating of gambling and intemperance suggests the jauntiness of the man with a large cigar tipped up between his teeth and his hat on one side of his head. Those institutions of New Zealand—her old-age pensions, labor legislation, and various other adventures in state Socialism—which are just now of greatest general interest receive no particular light from Mr. Loughnan, who views them all with a complacent optimism on which the best comment is afforded by Henry Broadhead's "State Regulation of Labor and Labor Disputes in New Zealand," commented on in the *Nation* of July 23, p. 67, and the statement in the London *Spectator* of July 18 that the arbitration law is regarded with despair by the leaders of both political parties.

A more competent, skilful, and entertaining writer than Mr. Willson or Mr. Loughnan is Mr. Fuller, late headmaster of Dale College, one of the leading educational institutions of South Africa. His experience is wide and first-hand, his style very fair, his temper admirable. Nothing could be more sympathetic and generous, without sentimentality or lack of shrewdness, than his treatment of the Boers. He not only bears witness to the charm and polish, the intelligence and progressiveness, of the cultivated Dutchmen of Cape Colony, he not only shares with many Englishmen the national respect for "human bravery and tenacity" as shown by the Great Trek Boers, he has the rarer gift of understanding as well as noting the faults and limitations of the Boer farmer and tracing them to their sources:

> Vast solitudes have always a paralyzing effect. In thinly populated areas it is the new-comers who keep fresh the spirit of industry and enterprise. It is not only that wisdom is found in a multitude of counsellors, but the incentive to industry and to clean methods of life flourishes by companionship. "It is not good for man to live alone," is writ large in the history of man.

The same sympathy and common sense are apparent in Mr. Fuller's account of the natives. "As a general rule," he says, "in my experience both in England and in the Colony, I have found all household servants remarkably honest, black and white alike, but there have been as many aberrations from it among the whites as blacks." Amusing anecdotes are told on the other hand showing the limitations to which Kaffir honesty is liable, when a question of trust is not involved. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Fuller does not "join in the prejudice against the school Kaffirs," and he mentions the Kaffir editor of a paper in King William's Town as a very clever man whom he knows personally. Mr. Fuller's book also abounds in delightful descriptions, particularly of old-fashioned Boer customs.

The reader who has contemplated reading Mr. Low's "America at Home" is counselled to save the time for South Africa instead. Mr. Low's book is of very unequal merit, and the best chapters, those which deal in a clear and accurate way with our political institutions, are of no especial value to the American reader. Once off the political ground, Mr. Low flounders hopelessly. His task of giving a bird's-eye view of the United States in one short volume was of course much more difficult than those of his fellow-workers dealing with small or thinly settled countries, but he lacks the sense of selection. Thus he gives no description of any of our cities and even in the most general remarks ignores the existence of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Slope, but devotes an entire chapter—including three and a half pages of newspaper quotation—to Atlantic City, and almost as much to Newport. While greatly puzzled how to define "society," he seems finally satisfied that it means the multi-millionaires, and deals with it henceforth on that basis. Some of his more surprising statements are that "it costs as much to keep a girl at one of these colleges [Smith, Wellesley, or Vassar] as it does a man at Oxford or Cambridge," that at the high school "the young man or woman can obtain an education equal almost to that offered by the universities," that Saratoga is a fashionable resort, and that horse-racing is as popular in America as it is in England. Finally, it is confusing to read on p. 208 that "the day of sensational journalism in America now only survives in the smaller places of the Far West," and on p. 213 that "the so-called Yellow Press is as vile, infamous, and untruthful as the worst gutter-rag of the boulevards," while on p. 214 Mr. Roosevelt's authority is given for the "reckless indifference to truth or decency displayed by papers such as the two that have *the largest circulation in New York city*," and a few lines below Mr. Low dismisses "the 'Yellow' press, which *only the dissolute and the ignorant read*" (the italics are ours). In short, this book is not at all valuable, but it contains some effective summaries and a few good anecdotes, of which we quote one:

> Not long ago I was at the White House waiting to see the President. Three other men were in the ante-room. . . . They were probably men of some substance, men of more than ordinary shrewdness. . . . Suddenly, one of the men, apropos of nothing, remarked to his companion, in a detached and almost impersonal tone:
>
> "By gad, we're a great people."
>
> "The greatest on earth," was the answer, made dispassionately, and as if the remark were so obvious that it scarcely called for comment.

Worth rescuing, also, is the following astounding quotation from the New York *Sun:*

> PITTSBURGH, March 11, 1904.—Sheriff Dickson has received an order from Gov. Pennypacker to hang William L. Hartley and John Edwards, on the same day, and is much disturbed over it. "Under the circumstances," he said, "it strikes me as entirely improper that the two men should be hanged at the same time. One is a white man and the other a negro, and there is a natural prejudice against associating the races. They were never together in their life, and that is another reason why they should not meet death together. Of all places in the world the scaffold is one where nothing which could offend the condemned man should be done. There is more than sentiment in this, there is humanity."

Although somewhat similar in title,

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size, and general appearance to the four books just noticed, Mrs. Sidgwick's "Home Life in Germany" is emphatically a horse of another color. Even in make-up the volume is in quite a different class, and is delightful in its lightness, its clear, sharp printing on dull-finished paper, and its charming illustrations, many of them taken from *genre* paintings. Mrs. Sidgwick undertakes a much more limited task than that imposed upon the writers of the series, but what she does could hardly be better done. A well-bred, cultivated woman, of German parentage but born and bred in England, and evidently absolutely at home in both countries, she is rarely competent to chat amusingly and agreeably of "the insignificant trifles that make the common round of life" in Germany as in every country. These are what interest her and these, sympathetically and intelligently noted and vividly and humorously described, make up an intimate picture worth a shelf full of statistics and philosophical reflections. One of the pleasantest impressions the reader carries with him from these pages is that the old Germany, "the Germany we know, the dear country of quaint fancies, of music, and of poetry," . . . of "the dreamy unworldly German" has not, after all, been wholly driven out by the "praiseworthy but most unamiable *Wunderkind* amongst nations," the Germany "armed to the teeth, set wholly on material advancement, . . . a model of municipal government and enterprise, a land where vice, poverty, idleness, and dirt are all unknown." It is the old Germany, even the dear unforgotten Germany of "Quits" and "The Initials," that Mrs. Sidgwick is still privileged to see and to set before us with tender smiles, though she is, of course, not blind to the changes which are coming with violent and startling impact upon the long-established customs and ideas. There are many things worthy of quotation if space permitted. On marriage-customs, education, cost of living—as to which she gives some most interesting "budgets"—Mrs. Sidgwick has a seemingly inexhaustible supply of entertaining information, seasoned by lively anecdotes.

CURRENT FICTION.

Marotz. By John Ayscough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In the opening chapter of "Marotz" the reader plunges headlong into a court ball, presumably in Vienna, described in brief, gasping paragraphs of hectic enthusiasm. The chronicler is so bedazzled, indeed, by the spectacle of royalty that it would be unfair to hold him to a rigid standard of style or geography; still, one is a little puzzled to read:

> Though her father was, indeed, the subject of the two sovereigns yonder, she could hardly feel that she herself was. All her life they had lived in Sicily, with now and then a rather brief visit to Palermo or Naples. She counted herself of the South: it was not that. It was the *idea* of loyalty to which she suddenly found herself bowing down, with a gasp of emotion, and the illustration of it here to-night. . . .
>
> The Imperial and Royal Court Bandmaster gave his signal, and the Marseillaise of Imperialism obeyed it.
>
> There never was so astounding a conductor as that fierce, small, dark figure. Had he pointed his bâton at a tree, music must have scattered out of it, like rusted leaves in autumn. Had he called to the great Pan to come up out of Oblivion and play for him, the dead God would have drawn a reed from the oozy edges of the Styx, and lifted it to his long silent lips to breed harmony again.

And after this *fanfare*—no more Emperor and Empress, no more bandmaster, nothing more about the "idea of loyalty" to sovereigns or the magic of music in the whole volume!

A book so begun would seem predestined to the scrap-heap, yet "Marotz" has real and unusual merits. It is not a good novel—it is a chronicle, rather, of three generations, slowly and clumsily related, and delayed in its course by many elaborate studies of eccentric character quite unnecessary to the plot. Read these studies, however, for their own sake, and you discover close observation, sympathy, an eye for the picturesque, and a power, in spite of constant temptation to be over-ornate, of vivid presentation. Very charming is the sketch of San Vito, the old feudal magnate of the Sicilian mountains. Rarer and finer still is the portrait of Poor Sister, the great lady who to expiate her husband's crime has founded the little Community of the Reparation, and rules it from the lowest seat—a wholly dedicated soul, yet full of human tenderness, perspicacity, and fun, simple with the costly simplicity of those who have come out of great tribulation.

The Gates of Life. By Bram Stoker. New York: Cupples & Leon Co.

Stephen Norman, in her fourteenth year, had a firm-set jaw, square chin, flame-colored hair, full crimson lips, and purple-black eyes. These traits were "Saxon through Norman," with a dash of mediæval Saracen. From that time to the end of her story she always wore a scarlet riding-habit, and the intensity of her feelings matched her color-scheme. Harold An Wolf (Gothic through Dutch) had nothing very remarkable about him, except his six feet four inches and the propensity, common to all the characters in this book, to behave as nobody in his senses would do. In short, Mr. Stoker has written a blatant melodrama, all the trashier for the grandiloquent moralizings—in which the word "sex" is unpleasantly frequent—which punctuate the surprising actions of his characters.

Young Lord Stranleigh. By Robert Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The charm of this book lies in its bland childlike preposterousness. To sit in judgment on it would be to add to the sum of that criticism which pronounces shipboard life in "Pinafore" improbable, and the self-floating devices of Mesdames Lecks and Aleshine absurd. We confess to having found charm in the financial, mining, privateering proceedings of Lord Stranleigh, from the opening scene when he is approached by a distressed stockbroker, down to the sublime moment when he saves the credit of the Bank of England. He is so amiable and complete a dandy, so beneficent in his plots, so philanthropic in his adjustments, so genial an abstainer from vengeance, binding up all the wounds that justice compels him to inflict, that it is impossible not to extend to him the weakness one has for Van Bibber and Lord Dundreary, adding a touch of the natural human admiration for Sherlock Holmes. His inanity, his shrewdness, and the touching loyalty with which he confesses his allegiance to Clark Russell in the matter of marine law, contribute to the joke, and a glamour is over all from the unplumbed wealth that makes of him a fairy godfather.

Delilah of the Snows. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The story is of some young English Socialists who fled to Canada from the danger of arrest innocently incurred by one of the party. In Canada they drift to Vancouver and thence to the Green River country, where the real story begins—proving to be a tale of placer mining, of claims that are forfeited by a few hours' absence, of hardship, fellowship, hostilities, and of oppressive mining laws enforced by a necessarily soulless police. The tussle of man with a nature as ready to crush as to enrich him is always a thrilling theme. It is here set forth simply, understandingly, and at as leisurely a pace as nature's own processes. The absence of crisp epigram is rather solacing than otherwise in a day when epigrams are to be had on every highway.

A few of the characters stand out as vividly as their adventures do, leaving a perfunctory remnant to swell the pages of a story to which after all one does not grudge length. The hero is a man who has the habit of being and doing the obvious thing and is finely conceived and drawn. Hetty, the plucky girl who bakes for the miners, is as wholesome as her own bread, and withal is no lay figure of wildwood fiction, neither seraph nor cat, a thoroughly

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human compound. Delilah is only a girl who betrayed a police secret, and, incidentally, her lover, for no apparent reason.

In spite of a heavy-footed gait and a superfluity of scene, the book is worth reading for the sincerity and picturesqueness of its adventure.

The History of Twenty-five Years. By Sir Spencer Walpole. Vols. III. and IV.; 1870-1880. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $8.

Readers who have discovered the excellence of the first half of Walpole's work (see the *Nation* of August 18, 1904, p. 139) will be glad to know that he had brought his history so near to completion, at the time of his death last summer, that it has been possible to edit his manuscript and issue these final volumes. He could have asked for no more loyal or competent literary executor than Sir Alfred Lyall, to whom the task of editing was assigned. Doubtless the author might have added here or trimmed there, and he intended to write chapters on the South African and Afghan wars, and on the rise of the working classes; but the sequel as we have it evidently represents his views, and it is hardly less valuable than the earlier half.

Walpole, as usual, treats history topically, taking up a movement or cause at its beginning and following it through to its conclusion. Having covered the Franco-Prussian war in his second volume, he selects for his main subjects in his third the Treaty of London and the Geneva Award, the close of Gladstone's ministry, and the opening of Disraeli's spectacular administration. An American cannot fail to be gratified at the evidence on every page that Sir Spencer is not only familiar with the American sources, but also appreciates our point of view. The grave contention that was amicably settled at Geneva he here calmly describes. On the whole, we feel that the historian does full justice to the American position, and that he considerately refrains from emphasizing, as he might very properly have done, some of the astonishing performances of our public men. Charles Sumner's course, for instance, which finds few apologists now even in America, might be scathingly criticised by an English writer; but Sir Spencer withholds his hand. Possibly in his analysis he has somewhat underestimated the personal influence of the late J. C. Bancroft Davis in bringing about the final result; but his account in general is both candid and conclusive.

His chapters on home politics are naturally well-informed; for to the temperament of the historian he adds the qualification of being either officially an actor in or an observer of the parliamentary struggles of the decade. A convinced Liberal, he yet writes with posterity and not party in view. So that, although his verdicts may not always please his political opponents, they are not to be hastily dismissed. Even Tories have begun to draw a veil over Disraeli's jingo administration, just as it was the late Lord Salisbury himself who confessed that in the Crimean war—the pet exploit of jingoes twenty years earlier—England had put her money on the wrong horse. Walpole dissects Disraeli's dealings with Russia and Turkey, after 1874, his purchase of the control of the Suez Canal, and his theatrical behavior at the Congress of Berlin. The "Peace with Honor" finale, when scrutinized in the cold light of history twenty-five years later, looks very much like buncombe; but since we have not space to criticise in detail, we must content ourselves by saying that the first two chapters of Volume IV., dealing with the Eastern question from 1856 to 1878, contain the best summary account of that intricate subject with which we are acquainted in English.

Very remarkable is the monograph on "Ritual and Religion," which fills nearly a third of this same volume. Walpole defines the position of the Anglican Church in the middle of the nineteenth century, and then takes up one by one the chief manifestations of change, the branching out of High, Low, and Broad sects, the basic ideas of the leaders—Maurice, Colenso, Pusey, Stanley, Seeley, and the rest—and especially the questions which, after being agitated in the Church, came at last before Parliament for a settlement. A foreign Christian who reads for the first time this amazing catalogue of sacerdotal finicalities—such as whether to burn candles on the communion table; whether to call this table an altar, and make it of stone instead of wood; whether to turn to the east, etc., etc.—might conclude that since Nero fiddled when Rome was burning, no similar example of irrelevancy has been witnessed. Walpole himself, however, indulges in but little comment, and in no sarcasm. He prefers to state that while these matters were absorbing the mediæval minds in the Anglican Church, modern science was inexorably changing the attitude of every reasoning man or woman towards Bible, revealed religion, and supernaturalism. Sir Spencer concludes with a brief outline of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" which he regards as the typical expression of the age.

His final chapter has chiefly to do on the political side with the rise of the Irish Home Rule party, which, with the discontent aroused by the bad financiering of the Conservatives and with Gladstone's stupendous Midlothian campaigns, caused Beaconsfield's fall. The year 1880 may well stand as a dividing line in the development of the British Empire, and, accordingly, Walpole's history, in ending with the elections that closed Disraeli's career, has an artistic rounding out.

The history itself deserves much praise. It is the best in its field. Herbert Paul and Justin McCarthy may be more popular, but Walpole outranks them both as an historian. He has, indeed, a remarkable gift for analysis. As a writer he is clear, straightforward, and dignified. He possesses neither Mr. Paul's smartness nor Mr. McCarthy's love of purple patches. His mind is judicial. He has wide knowledge not only of his English material, but also of Continental and American politics and persons. This equipment is much rarer; and it enables him to place British history from 1856 to 1880 in its proper relation to the world-history of that quarter of a century. He lived long enough after the events he describes to get access to most of the most important correspondence and biographies of the leading men; and he could supplement from his private sources of information the material open to every one. So far as his history is partisan, it may serve as the explanation or apologia of the ideals and actions of British Liberalism in its prime. But partisanship is not its characteristic. These various qualities assure for the book permanence, until another generation shall demand the rewriting of this period from a different point of view. Even then Walpole's work will not lose its value as an authentic register by a well-qualified contemporary.

Thought and Things: A Study of the Development and Meaning of Thought, or Genetic Logic. Vol. II. Experimental Logic, or Genetic Theory of Thought. By James Mark Baldwin. Pp. 436. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

The author here continues the working out of his purpose with the same industry, and with the same quality of ability, if not perhaps in so full measure, as in the first volume (see the *Nation* of February 28, 1907, p. 203). But it now becomes quite clear that, however desirable the main inquiry of the work may be in itself, the project of connecting it with the science of logic was very unfortunate for the one subject and for the other.

The main motive of logic has always been to get possession of a method for determining the values of arguments. Now, it is obvious that whatever bearing the truth of one thought may have upon the truth of another will depend exclusively upon what the states of things are which the two thoughts represent to be real, and not at all upon the psychical or linguistic forms in which they are dressed, nor upon the psychical processes by which that dress is

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given to them. Whether we say that among sea-animals will be found some that give milk to their young or whether we say that among animals that give milk to their young will be found some that inhabit the sea, is for all purposes of argumentation quite indifferent; and the equivalence is here so evident that the school of "exact," or mathematical, logicians are almost unanimous in adopting, as their standard, or canonical, form of expressing the same fact, substantially this: "There is an aquatic mammal." Newton's great discovery is usually stated in elementary books, and is thought of by ordinary people in the form that each separate body in the solar system has an instantaneous component acceleration toward every other proportional to the mass of that other and inversely proportioned to the square of the distance between them, but is otherwise constant for all and at all times. But in writings on celestial mechanics (as in Equation 15 on p. 175 of Dr. Moulton's admirable little "Introduction" to the science), the form in which the same fact is often stated and intended to be thought is that the sum of the *vires vivæ* (or their halves, according to the old definition) of all the bodies of the system subtracted from the sum of the reciprocals of the distances between the several bodies, each reciprocal being multiplied by the product of the masses of the pair of bodies concerned and these masses being expressed in terms of a gravitational unit, remains unchanged. Since these two statements represent, and would in all conceivable cases represent precisely the same state of things, they are for all purposes of reasoning interchangeable. It follows that for logic they are equivalent, although, since this equivalence is not self-evident, they cannot strictly be called identical. From such considerations it follows that, in general, logic has nothing to do with different dresses of thought which cannot possibly represent different states of things; or at most has no more to do with them than to demonstrate that whatever state of things is represented by the one is equally represented by the other. That this principle, suitably modified for modals, ought to determine what is and what is not relevant to logic has been practically or virtually acknowledged in every system of logic excepting some of those which have arisen since the bankruptcy of Hegelianism, with the consequent *de facto* supremacy of psychology in current philosophy. But none of those which deny that application of the principle have improved reasoning in the smallest particular.

What Professor Baldwin means by calling his logical system "genetic" is that in it the main stress is to be placed upon the psychical processes by which each form of thinking is brought about. As soon as the first volume came before us, we thought it almost if not quite inevitable either that there was to be no logic, properly speaking, in the work, or else that the logical matter was to be confused by the introduction of entirely irrelevant conclusions. Since the whole of that first volume, with the exception of seventy pages, was regarded by the author himself as relating to "pre-logical" topics, and since it seemed unfair to condemn the whole on account of that fragment of seventy pages, or simply because it did not relate to logic as we conceive that science, we contented ourselves with acknowledging that it was a sound piece of scientific work as far as it went. But we find the second volume to be distracted from the pure consideration of the genesis of thought by discussions of truly logical questions—discussions which are far from strong in themselves, and which do not evince the knowledge of logic that would have been necessary for carrying them through intelligently. In these discussions, positions are taken which neither necessarily result from the genetic theory nor are supported in any solid way, but which, rather, seem to have been selected on grounds of personal predilection, or at random. For example, the author regards judgments of probability as intermediate between the "universal" and the "particular" propositions of formal logic. He comes to that opinion in consequence of his understanding the "particular" form as being, for example, "Some men are mortal," and the "universal" as being, "All men are mortal." He thus shows us that he has not read logic with sufficient attention to remark that the subject in both the logical forms is in the singular number, "Some man is white," *aliquis homo est albus*, and "Any man is white," *omnis homo est albus*. Had he told us that he proposed to wipe out the existing terminology of logic and to use the old terms in new senses, the question would have been a different one; but as the architect of a "Dictionary of Philosophy," he must, and does, know that to do so (especially without notice) would have been to trifle with the ethics of science; and therefore he certainly intends to use the terms "universal" and "particular" according to their authoritative definitions. He even goes so far as to say that when in a judgment of probability, the probability becomes 1, the proposition becomes the logical "universal." A student of the doctrine of chances who did not distinguish between the two would soon find himself in a snarl. A very large number of players sit down to play an even game against a banker. That is, each bets at each play one franc that an event will turn out one way or another, the probability being one-half that it will turn out in the one way and one-half that it will turn out in the other way. If the player loses, he pays a franc to the banker; and if he wins, he receives a franc from the banker. But as soon as a player has made a net gain of one franc, he retires from the table, and his place is taken by a fresh player. On the other hand, as soon as the banker has netted a gain, he yields the bank to a fresh banker. Now, every player and every banker is supposed to have unlimited funds or credit. Consequently, by one of the easiest of those problems in the doctrine of chances that are called "problems on the duration of play," the probability is 1 that any given player will, sooner or later, make a net gain, and the probability is equally 1 that every banker will ultimately net a gain. So, then, if probability 1 were equivalent to a logical universal affirmative, every player and every banker must come out of the game richer than he went in, which would obviously be making money out of nothing. But the truth is that probability relates to what would happen in "the long run"; that is, in an endless run; and probability 1 means that in such endless run the expectation to which it refers will be verified infinitely oftener than it is falsified; but, for all that, it may be falsified infinitely often. A teacher of logic ought to make this clear.

Some of Professor Baldwin's work in this volume is of a far more ambitious kind than that which we have illustrated. The reader will naturally suppose, however, that if he has not been able to control his mind to sound reasoning in the small problems, he is unlikely to have done so in the greater ones. At any rate, we can testify that, having gone through the whole with the utmost care and with predilections not unfavorable to the author, we do not think it worth our reader's while to enter into the necessarily more lengthy criticisms of the more difficult problems as treated in this volume. We greatly regret our disappointment with it.

Science.

African Nature Notes and Reminiscences. By Frederick Courtney Selous. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

This contribution to hunting lore and natural history is by the last of the big-game hunters of South Africa. It is an attractively written narrative of the adventures of over thirty years, spent mostly in the regions south of the Zambesi. President Roosevelt suggested publication and furnished a "foreword" in which he heartily supports, from his own observations in the Rocky Mountains, the views of the author as to the fallacy of much of the theory as to protective coloration of animals. Mr. Se-

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lous's opinions are stated in the first two chapters; his chief argument is that the carnivora seek their prey almost entirely by night, when color is no protection. In all his experiences he never saw but one lion hunting by day. Environment, together with sexual selection, is, he holds, the strong influence in the evolution of color. The notes on the lion will probably excite the greatest interest, for they give much information as to habits, and recount many adventures and some tragedies, as for instance the killing of an Englishman while asleep in a railway carriage on the Uganda Railway by a man-eater. This "terrible and terrifying" beast's lust for killing is illustrated by the fact that a lioness once got into a piggery, and, after eating parts of two pigs, killed more than a hundred others. There are chapters on the hyena, the wild dog, the cheetah, the rhinoceros, and the giraffe. In reference to the general belief that giraffes are capable of going for months without drinking, the author states that, according to the natives, giraffes and antelopes which live in the desert paw from the sand great tubers—often as big as a man's head—white in color, looking something like turnips, and containing as much water as a juicy orange. He adds:

> At certain times of year a kind of small watermelon grows in the Kalahari in great profusion, which, as long as it lasts, renders all wild animals entirely independent of drinking water.

An entertaining journey in search of the inyala is described at length, and many valuable facts are given concerning the haunts and habits of this rare antelope, "perhaps at once the most beautiful and the least known to naturalists and sportsmen." The notes on the tse-tse fly contain strong reasons for doubting the opinion that "the existence of the fly is not dependent on wild game of any description," as stated by Sir Alfred Sharpe in the *Field* for November 2, 1907. Mr. Selous holds that in South Africa the flies become so highly specialized that they could maintain their vitality only on the blood of buffaloes, for in the districts in which buffaloes were completely killed off, these insects entirely disappeared. In the closing chapter on the Bushmen of South Africa Mr. Selous makes the interesting statement:

> I do not think there is any instance on record of a tribe or family of the aboriginal yellow Bushmen having given up their wild free life in the desert and taken to agricultural or pastoral pursuits.

He also says that he has never met with or heard of the dwarf race spoken of by Professor Keane in his book, "The Boer States." The work is well illustrated by E. Caldwell.

The "Collected Works" of Lord Lister, and "The Physics of Earthquake Phenomena," by Cargill Gilston Knott, are in preparation for the Oxford University Press.

Prof. Andrew Gray's recent article on Lord Kelvin in the Glasgow *Herald* now appears in extended form as the latest volume of the English Men of Science Series (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is not strictly a biography, but aims to give a survey of Lord Kelvin's scientific work with a mere sketch of his personality. The sections describing his methods in the classroom and laboratory will be found the more interesting as Professor Gray is one of the band of students who worked under Kelvin, then William Thomson, in the old "tounis colledge" of Glasgow. We get a graphic picture of this first of physical laboratories, which gradually spread from an unused basement room. One sees both the inspiration and the occasional bewilderment among his scholars produced by Kelvin's impatience at the ordinary routine of teaching. Certainly the arrangements of the laboratory were not orderly, nor was the class instruction systematic, but the abler men enjoyed inestimable stimulus of personal contact with a genius. The author gives clearly the impression of the originality and of the enormous vitality and energy of this intellectual giant who ranks with Galileo and Newton. The remainder of the book is also well treated, but such a survey of Kelvin's scientific work is hardly so valuable since physicians should be already acquainted with it and the subjects treated are almost too technical to be understood clearly by others.

There is no immediate fear that the supply of garden literature will fail. There are so many amateurs desirous of obtaining every possible hint as to the selection and care of plants and soils, that each new book stands a good chance of finding a place on hundreds of shelves. By far the larger number of new garden books come from European hands, and are not strictly adapted to our surroundings. One of the best of the newer practical works is "The Perfect Garden," by Walter P. Wright of England (Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.). Mr. Wright's aim is to show an amateur how to pick a suitable spot for a garden, and then "how to keep it beautiful and fruitful." He deals with flowers, fruits, and vegetables, and gives some space also to glass-houses. Naturally he offers very little that is original; but he makes all his points with skill and excellent judgment. His chapter on the cost of gardening and the pleasure to be obtained from caring personally for a garden, is full of sagacious advice which is likely to be of service in this country, where too many amateurs surrender their gardens wholly to their gardeners, and remain idle lookers on. Mr. Wright has an interesting chapter on color in the garden, one of the most important subjects in the whole field.

This special topic has been taken as the theme of a volume of 150 pages by Gertrude Jekyll, entitled "Color in the Flower Garden" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The volume is worthy of the highest praise from all points of view. It is to be regretted that the publishers have not availed themselves of the color processes in the engravings. The photographs themselves are excellent, but their value would have been much increased by direct representation instead of description. Miss Jekyll is an artist and a patient student of difficult problems in color. She meets with success the serious difficulty in arranging plants so that in successive months, or groups of months, the scheme of colors will be equally effective. Even in our own country, the hints here given will be of great use in preventing the unpleasant effects produced by gaps between seasons. The most charming part of the volume is that which is devoted to gardens of *one* color, such as the green gardens or the gold gardens. These are extremely effective and are hard to plan. But the author gives suggestions which, with a few changes, would insure success, even in our colder and more capricious climate.

Closely following the new edition of Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg's "American Insects" (see the *Nation* of August 6), comes "insect Stories," by the same author. The book places Professor Kellogg in the short list of scientific writers of distinction who can interest the popular mind in their specialties. The "Stories" are simply vivid narratives of entomological jaunts in the neighborhood of Stanford University, California. His companion is a bright child, "Mary," and the only bit of imaginative color in the text appears in her way of looking at things. The reader who follows on these excursions and listens to the learned professor's account of the habits of his insect friends shares the enthusiasm of the various discoveries. The manners of wasps, bees, dragon flies, May flies, spiders, ant-lions, galls, and ants have never been more graphically described. And yet all is accurately told by one who has full knowledge of the facts, as well as the literary temper and touch. "Insect Stories" is not a child's book, in the strict sense; it is written *with* the child rather than for him. But no intelligent youth can fail to read it with delight and profit. (Henry Holt & Company. American Nature Series).

"Principles of Breeding; A Treatise on Thremmatology," by E. Davenport (Ginn & Co.), is the second volume in the Country Life Education Series, edited by Prof. C. W. Burkett of the Kansas State Agricultural College. This is one of the first attempts to collate the results of recent scientific theory and experiment with the practical side of breeding. The author intends the work for both the student of agriculture in college and the practical breeder on the farm. With this aim in view, Mr. Davenport devotes the first 575 pages to a consideration of the theoretical, evolutionary side, with the causes of variation as the dominant theme. As an outline of the processes of evolution, the treatment is thus very one-sided, but this phase of evolution is of vital importance to the breeder. The first five chapters treat the kinds of variation, morphological, meristic, functional, and mutational. The author's position is summed up in a paragraph:

> The writer is strongly of the opinion that while selection is a powerful agent for "shaping up" and "finishing off" a fairly acceptable type, and while it is the only means of deciding what shall live and what shall disappear, yet much of the real advance in both animal and plant breeding is likely to come through distinct offsets which are now called mutations, and which in Darwin's time were erroneously, if not reproachfully, denominated "sports."

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Then follows a careful review of the causes of variation, both internal and external, and those affecting the individual as well as the race as a whole. This discussion, while admittedly incomplete, owing to the present state of our knowledge, is yet perhaps the most valuable part of the book; for it furnishes an excellent résumé of widely scattered theories and results. In dealing with the practical problems, the author addresses himself particularly to the inexperienced but educated breeder; and his advice is rational and practical. In many cases he quotes the opinions of expert breeders, and where data in the field of animal and plant breeding are not available, he presents analogous results of scientific experiments with unrelated groups of organisms. The index is very full. Prof. Davenport is to be congratulated on so happily combining scientific accuracy with practical advice.

In "Essays on Evolution" (Henry Frowde), Prof. Edward B. Poulton has collected and reprinted ten of his essays and addresses in a volume which will be most welcome to scientists in America. The first seven essays are general in character and though they bear the stamp of the author's thoroughness, yet most of them but review well-known ground. The first is a reply to the argument of the late Lord Salisbury that the age of the globe is not sufficient for the processes of organic evolution, as promulgated by Darwin. The second attempts to answer the question "What is a species?" This matter is presented in a rather confusing manner, without regular sequence or clear summary, and adds nothing new or satisfactory to this perennial discussion. The third and fourth addresses deal respectively with the various theories of evolution and heredity; next Professor Poulton takes up the inheritance of acquired characters in insects. The sixth essay shows how J. C. Prichard the anthropologist, anticipated modern theories of evolution and heredity; and the seventh discusses Huxley's attitude toward natural selection. This article is really an introduction to the next two chapters which, with the introduction to the book, and the final chapter, form the most valuable part of the work. Here we have Professor Poulton in his special field, color and morphological mimicry in insects. From careful consideration of the innumerable facts bearing on the latter interesting phenomenon, the author concludes that natural selection is the most satisfactory explanation of its appearance and evolution. Finally, as a summary of the argument, a chapter is devoted to a comprehensive classification of the various uses, which external coloring and appearance subserve. In the front of the book in an interesting introduction of some fifty pages, entitled "Mutation, Mendelism, and Natural Selection," the author acknowledges the value of Mendel's discovery, but properly protests that the recent supporters of the theory of mutation have made it too universal in its application. This introduction, together with the last three or four chapters, should have formed an independent volume on natural selection and mimicry. There is a remarkably full analytical index of over eighty pages. Unhappily, the large, black faced type used throughout the book is rather trying to the eyes.

In "Retrieval at Panama" (New York. Technical Literature Co.), by Lindon W. Bates," the most important points are that the canal is costing a great deal more than the estimates, and that in excavation and sanitation we are not, as we have been induced to believe, doing so much better than the French. Mr. Bates has had to get his data, however, from last year's reports, and later figures would mitigate his strictures. The cost, to be sure, is still piling up, but the amount of excavation has greatly increased and the death rate is slowly falling. The complete abolition of yellow fever is in itself a remarkable achievement. But the volume is chiefly devoted to criticism of the plan for an 85-foot lock-fight canal which was adopted in spite of the fact that it was condemned as a dangerous experiment by a majority of the board of consulting engineers. Mr. Bates makes much of the inconsistencies, reversals of opinions, and erroneous estimates in the reports and testimony of the various experts and commissioners, and prophesies calamity for the great Gatun dam and locks; and a large part of his criticism is undeniably justified. The board of consulting engineers in 1905 considered three projects presented by Mr. Bates and rejected them, although the lock project favored by the majority was more like his than that finally chosen by the commission.

The fifth volume of the Practitioner's Handbooks (John Lane Co.) is a "Short Practice of Aural Surgery," prepared by J. Arnold Jones, a surgeon of Manchester England. For so small a book—250 pages of text—the subject is presented with such clearness and conservatism that it ought to be useful to the student for review or the general practitioner for rapid reference. Little that is essential is omitted, although the method of puffing the cheeks, to raise the soft palate during inflation, appears to be unknown to the author. There is a short appendix of German medical terms, "with conversational examples," but it has too many misprints and other errors to be very helpful.

Drama and Music.

The McClure Company will publish this autumn "Recollections and Reflections," by Ellen Terry; and Volume X., containing "Dépit amoureux," in the Temple Molière.

Several of the New York theatres will open late in August or early in September. In the Hudson Theatre on August 24 Robert Edeson will be seen in the new play by George Broadhurst, "The Call of the North," founded on Stewart Edward White's story, "Conjuror's House." On August 27 Miss Billie Burke will appear at the Lyceum with her own company in "Love Watches," an adaptation of the comedy, "L'Amour veille," made by Miss Gladys Unger. Miss Burke's leading man will be Cyril Keightley, recently a member of Arthur Bourchier's company in England. At the Lyric on September 7, Miss Mary Mannering will give "Glorious Betsy," by Miss Rida Johnson Young. The play has for its central figure Betsy Paterson of Baltimore, who married Jerome Bonaparte.

Cleveland Moffett's "A Square Deal," in which Wilton Lackaye will be the star, will be seen for the first time on September 23 in Chicago.

Joseph J. Schurman's company of Sicilian actors, which has been playing in Paris and London, will sail for America about the middle of November and will be here some three months. The company consists of forty-four players.

"Piano Playing," a little book of simple suggestions, by Josef Hofmann, is promised by the McClure Company.

Art.

*DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO.

The use of the artist reduced to simplest terms is to see for people. He brings records of a vision peculiarly sensitive, selective, and intense. He rescues all manner of beautiful appearances from the void of the unperceived. By using his eyes we may fine and extend our own vision. In most of us this faculty, the basis of practically all knowledge, is blunted and restricted by constant utilitarian association. The eye becomes merely a convenient instrument of identification, and sifts out from the varied spectacle of the world that small dull portion which seems actually serviceable to the consciousness. But for the artist the eye opens upon a universe constantly weaving new forms of beauty. Some of these he grasps, combines, and records, thus sharing his vision with his fellows. They, too, if

*"Ghirlandaio," by Henri Hauvette (Paris: Plon), is the latest addition to the illustrated series of Masters of Art published under the auspices of the Ministry of Public Instruction. The book is virtually a rehabilitation of the prolific Florentine. If such a work were to be done, France was the place, a Minister the proper patron, and a scholar primarily an investigator of the literature and civilization of Italy the ideal author. M. Hauvette knows his Italy new and old as few living men. Constant association with the art of that favored land can hardly replace criticism and connoisseurship, but it may provide a very agreeable substitute. We agree with M. Hauvette that a narrow discrimination of the school production of Ghirlandaio is otiose. Nor does the purely æsthetic criticism of this master afford alluring possibilities. As a sort of official limner of wealthy bourgeois Florence in its full-blown prime, Ghirlandaio is worthy of all attention, and it is this aspect of his art that M. Hauvette puts forward. Nobody could do this work with greater competence. The opening chapter on Ghirlandaio's world is admirable. Such suggestive side lights as the secularization of the religious drama at Florence, *sacre rappresentazioni*, we should hardly get from a professed student of art. Of the large critical reservations to be made M. Hauvette is conscious, but his enthusiasm survives all qualifications, and where the book lags, it is from inevitable drawbacks of the subject. In general, it is sober, fully informed, and well constructed, a contribution to the history of art in conformity with the sound traditions of academic scholarship in France. It may be read with pleasure by those already familiar with the subject, and novices need hardly be condoled with if they catch from this volume an enthusiasm they are likely to outgrow. We note certain omissions, but no serious one except the failure to take into account in connection with the Innocenti altarpiece, the researches of Ulmann in the Prussian Jahrbücher and of Berenson. This is one of the very few instances in which in an important work the relative parts of master and assistant have been clearly made out. The example is instructive for all of renaissance art, and might well be included in a new edition.

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any capacity for attention remains in them, may repeat his ocular adventures. By humbly learning of the real seers they may gradually regain the joy of the eye, may attain to the sense of a visible world infinitely lavish of pleasureable appearances. They may become, in all but the power to create, the peers of the artist himself.

A wise man then values the artist most who sees most unlike himself. A foolish man, on the contrary, admires the artist whose vision repeats and confirms his own in all its limitations and imperfections. And since as regards the æsthetic use of the eye the incompetent are always in a vast majority, the real artist will usually find in the singularity and superiority of his seeing a barrier to wide popularity, while the artist who sees precisely like the rest of the world may expect its favor in fullest measure. Stalwart, average, money-earning humanity stands before his canvas, marble, or bronze, and avers complacently: "There is a great artist, why he works precisely as I should. had I but the time to acquire his manual skill." Such artists are the pets of the dealers, the heroes of the auctioneers, the darlings of paying society. They pass quickly as the fashion of seeing passes, and the historian is rarely occupied with their names. Yet not invariably. Domenico Ghirlandaio was preeminently the type of everyman's artist in the Florentine renaissance, and today he has his admirers and finds his able critical apologists. The interest of his career, which has just been reviewed sympathetically by a distinguished French scholar, M. Hauvette, lies in its exemplary character. If we understand the painting of Ghirlandaio, we shall know just how much and how little these everyman's artists may be reckoned among those of pure and unquestioned race.

And here we should avoid prepossessions. There is a tendency to rule these plebeian talents promptly out of court. They invariably lack, for instance, the *finesse* which we are used to believe is of the very essence of art. Did not Jules Lemaître in a precious essay on the novels of Georges Ohnet—works surely which any one of some millions of Frenchmen might have conceived and with favoring circumstances written—declare the whole production to be outside of literature, *hors de la littérature?* One is tempted to take this short way with the whole class, but the case is not so simple. We may not apply to the artist who actually is of the people in all his ideals the condemnation that befits him who deliberately condescends to what he knows to be a worse taste than his own. Ghirlandaio never painted with his tongue in his cheek. His emotional life and æsthetic ideals were precisely those of the complacent merchants and bankers he served. The mark of the meretricious painter is a technical decline; thus, if the case were worth arguing, it might readily be shown that a late Carolus or Millais is inferior to an early one. In Ghirlandaio, on the contrary, we find a singular uniformity. He progressed very little after his early years, and where his own hand is at work he never is below himself. He is said to have wished that the new walls of Florence might be offered to his brush. And in fact his dozens of frescoes seem as if cut off from one long roll. Yet this portentously even production has qualities that have made it popular for more than four centuries (a phenomenon worthy of investigation) and is everywhere evidently sincere (a fact rarely presented to criticism). It will not do with Ruskin to rule Ghirlandaio out of court for the lack of a religious poignancy he never attempted to express. We must try to see him candidly for the laborious, successful craftsman he was.

He was born in 1449, the son of Tommaso Bigordi, a goldsmith, nicknamed the Garland-maker, *il Ghirlandaio*. Domenico was three years older than Leonardo da Vinci. Sandro Botticelli was his senior by about five years, Luca Signorelli by eight, Pietro Perugino by three. Growing up in a Florence teeming with innovations in pigment, color, drawing, and composition, the young Domenico prudently avoided them all. He studied with that fine draughtsman and pioneer of landscape, Alessio Baldovinetti. But Domenico never meddled with his master's unfortunate experiments in oil mediums, emulated his sinuous line, or studied landscape seriously at first hand. At an early age Ghirlandaio gained the kind of facility which is ever admired of the throng and suspected by true artists. His line went pertly about any conceivable form, never searching it, but defining it sufficiently for a languid eye. His figures had the appearance of solidity without the reality. His method was dull, but had the merit of seeming accurate and sprightly. Above all, his work was neat. Every composition was full of orderly items, sleeked over by his impartial brush. His colors were bright without being harmonious. His works had the comfortable quality of being neither more nor less than they seemed at first sight. The eye identified the subject at a glance, and complimented itself on its cleverness. Here were no lines surging passionately about the picture as in the works of that odd Botticelli, no gaunt, straining limbs as in Pollaiuolo, no mystifying nonsense of half-shadowed forms as with young Leonardo. They were comfortable pictures to look at. You never were in doubt what was intended; and, best of all, you never could, if you were a patron, mistake your well-fed self and the likenesses of your interesting family, modestly yet conspicuously drawn up alongside the sacred subject for which you had paid your good florins.

A mere enumeration of the important commissions that came to Ghirlandaio is instructive. Before 1475, his twenty-sixth year, he did important work at Ognissanti for the Vespucci. That year he was called to Rome to paint in the Vatican Library, but of these frescoes nothing survives. A little earlier he had begun the stories of the life of Santa Fina, for her chapel in the Collegiate Church of San Gemignano. The unusual subjects, the naïveté of the legend of the girl saint, were favorable to him. In spite of technical deficiencies, particularly the inflexible arrangement of the figures and the mean proportions of the architecture, these pictures have a charm to which he rarely afterwards attained. At Ognissanti once more, in 1480, he painted a very famous St. Jerome in his Cell, and a Last Supper, a composition several times repeated by his pupils. The Last Supper, considering the awkwardness of the space to be filled, is of considerable decorative effect. Ghirlandaio carries the heads of the figures as near the spring of the vault as possible, defining the line by a painted wall. The two unmanageable lunettes above he treats as if they opened to the sky, filling them with tree-tops and flying birds. It must be said that this obvious decorative device attenuates the effect of the subject, making it seem merely an *al fresco* feast. The figures, too, are inadequate to the emotions they are supposed to represent. Judas, according to the pictorial usage of the time, sits alone on the near side of the table. A stubborn nose and bearded chin are held high, and a shoulder and elbow are defiantly obtruded that we may not fail to perceive he is a traitor. The Saviour makes a mild gesture as if not to awake the beloved disciple who sleeps on his bosom. The other apostles turn to each other in pairs in mild expostulation. Two, even, have some air of challenging the traitor peremptorily, but in the main the feasters are as it were gently ruffled. One could imagine a similar emotion if Judas, who has a little the air of a *raconteur* had perpetrated a bad pun. Now, a certain emotional inadequacy is almost inherent in this subject. In this regard Ghirlandaio has come short with many other painters. Our real issue against him is less his failure to grasp the significance of the scene than, given his idyllic and decorative point of view, the comparative cheapness of all the ingredients of the composition. These mild persons, who sit without weight, and gesticulate without energy, who are bounded by a line of uniform quality in the soft forms of adolescence or the rugged contours of age—these are not cre-

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ations worthy of a competent craftsman. Their superficial attractiveness is specious, resting merely upon a certain smartness in design and an unstudied gayety of color. Recall how Andrea del Castagno, in an equally uninspired version of this theme, at least made the figures portentous, tragic, and individually vital. Think how the nameless Umbrian who painted the Cenacolo of Foligno, on the whole a feeble performance, spent himself in contriving gracious postures for his beautiful heads. These comparisons will suggest the very limited range of Ghirlandaio's artistic curiosity in what remains, after all, perhaps the most inventive of his works.

His St. Jerome, in Ognissanti, is so evidently fine that one hesitates to subject the impression to the test of reflection. The gaunt cardinal fills his neat, well-appointed, curtained cell so comfortably, looks at you, as he steals a moment from writing, so austerely, the Eastern rug on his desk and the jars on his shelves are so well painted that you are tempted to admit that this is the ideal portrait of a great saint who is also a great scholar and gentleman. But study the picture a little, and you begin to feel uncomfortably the uniform rigidity of the treatment. Flesh, hair, furniture, textiles, know only one touch. The saint is still life, in spite of the deceiving alertness of his eyes. The hands are inert and wooden; compare them with those speaking hands of Botticelli's St. Augustine, just across the church. Finally, the recluse looks not like an inspired scholar but rather like an indefatigable scrivener. He is not translating or commenting the "Divine Oracles," but copying them at so much a page. In real life I have seen this St. Jerome in a vice-consul admirably faithful to his routine duties. The picture with all its apparent authority, and its four centuries of admiration, shows that hopeless absence of distinction which is ever characteristic of Ghirlandaio. From the execution of these two works in 1480 till his early death fourteen years later his *bottega* was kept busily occupied. His two brothers, David and Benedetto, led a number of minor assistants. The master himself bid those who kept the shop refuse no commission however humble. In 1482 he went to Rome and painted in the Sistine Chapel two frescoes, of which the surviving one, The Calling of Peter and Andrew, is one of his most dignified compositions, though overcrowded with individual figures that have no part in the main movement of the group. The same year he had the signal honor of a commission to paint the triumph of San Zanobi in the Hall of the Great Council in the Palazzo Vecchio. His perfunctory treatment of this vast space shows how fortunate it was that his desire of picturing the city wall was denied him.

It was curiously enough the caprice of a parvenu client that gave Ghirlandaio the chance to show himself the painter he might have been. Francesco Sassetti, the man of business of old Cosimo, had quickly drawn a fortune for himself out of his association with the Medici Bank. Wishing to found a chapel for his patron saint, he first tried to get the finest position in Florence, the choir of Santa Maria Novella, where still might be seen Andrea Orcagna's damaged and neglected scenes from the lives of St. John and the Virgin. The monks refused to grant the chapel except on condition of repeating the old subjects, so the frescoes concerning St. Francis were painted in a narrow and dark chapel of Santa Trinità. In these six subjects Ghirlandaio incurs a rather unhappy comparison with Giotto at Assisi and Santa Croce. Yet it would be unfair not to admit the maturity of these works, their skilful adaptation of the principles of space composition invented by the great Masaccio. Moreover, the usually smart and merely approximate line becomes here more severe and expressive, in the portrait really masterly. One should note the happy invention of the resuscitated boy sitting stiffly on his bier in the Piazza of the Trinità, while the Franciscans pray fervidly and grave citizens survey the scene tranquilly, as those that rightly expect such interventions. A still finer invention, if intrinsically rather preposterous, is The Granting of the Franciscan Rule by Honorius III. The consistory is held in a *loggia* opening upon the Piazza della Signoria, all the architecture of which is indicated with truly monumental, and (in Ghirlandaio) most exceptional effect. Cardinals and poor friars vie with each other in sweetness of aspect. It is a stately scene, and the flavor of holiness is in it. In the other subjects Ghirlandaio is merely adequate. Perhaps one might be tempted to admit much more of The Death of St. Francis —the nearest approach to a tragic effect ever made by our stolid artist— were it not too evident on comparison how much and how poorly he had borrowed from Giotto for the figures, and from Filippo Lippi for the architectural setting which has been cheapened in transcription.

Where these frescoes are really memorable is in the portrait groups that depict the Sassetti family, their friends, and their patrons, the Medici. Throughout these are admirable, and at times the arrangement of such inorganic groups is masterly. Note the bottom of the scene of The Granting of the Rule: A staircase opens at the extreme foreground. A swarthy, sardonic face emerges near the top, waist-high. Between us and him is a beautiful lad; the heads of two other boys, of princely simplicity in their bearing, appear from lower down the stair, and farther back still the placid profiles of two humanists. The whole group has an extraordinary reality and amenity. In spite of the strangely cut figures, the passage could be excerpted as an oblong composition of a most novel and modern sort. It hardly adds to our interest to learn that the ironist is the great humanist poet Angelo Poliziano, and two of the boys Giovanni and Giuliano de Medici, a future pope and a grand duke. Here we have Ghirlandaio quite at his best as a keenly observant portraitist. Except for certain groups in Santa Maria Novella, the lovely panel, formerly in the Kann Collection, depicting Giovanna degli Albizzi, and that amazing portrait in the Louvre of a bulbous-nosed grandfather with his little grandson—an effigy quite as portentous as an Antonello da Messina, and more humanely conceived—we have really nothing to set beside this vision of a great scholar with his princely wards. In fact, the study of the human face always worked a strange concentration in this too facile artist. Before this problem Ghirlandaio forgot his repertory of flourishes and graphic formulas. His line becomes incisive, searching, and fairly nervous. His heads are comparable to Dürer's, and may be set beside those of Masaccio and Botticelli. If his achievement in portraiture seems to fall short of theirs, it is only because he was less successful in giving the characteristic poise and expression of the whole body. So great a limner of the face and head was he at his best that we must count it a misfortune that his patrons, instead of imposing their full-length effigies upon the religious scenes they paid for, were not contented with those admirable half-length portraits, of which only two have come down to us.

To trace the hand of Ghirlandaio through the half-dozen fine altar-pieces he made in the later years would be to repeat much that has been already said. It would be particularly ungracious to analyze down to its miniaturelike prettiness and pettiness the great Adoration of the Kings in the chapel of the Innocenti hospital. At a single glance, with its smiling river background, angelic choir, stately elders, and girlish Madonna, it is the most radiant thing in Florence. Why not leave it at this first glance, and apply the critical probe where it will cause less pain? Perhaps it is better yet to climb the ladder and, nose to the enamel, enjoy the exquisite irrelevance of the workmanship. The great panel might shrink into a few inches of space, and still remain a lovely miniature. This is the highest praise we can accord it, and also the severest blame.

It was painted in 1488, by which year Ghirlandaio had been already working for two years on the lives of the Virgin and John the Baptist in the choir of Santa Maria Novella. This time the

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commission came from the greatest patrician of Florence, barring the Medici. Giovanni Tornabuoni, desiring to honor God, our Lady, and his patron saint, and not forgetful of "the exaltation of his own family and house," contracted for the work at the generous sum of twelve hundred broad pieces of gold, retaining, however, complete control of the design and execution of the paintings. The bargain was struck, the frescoes by Orcagna representing the same subjects were either destroyed or covered with plaster, and Ghirlandaio set to work with his full force of assistants. Vasari, who wrote when some of these assistants were still alive—the youthful Michelangelo may have been of the company—and their pupils, famous, spared these frescoes no praise. They seemed to him rather the creation of a philosopher than of a mere painter. The lyrical Sir Joseph Crowe regarded them as the perfect consummation towards which since Giotto the art of Florence had been aspiring. The spacious choir of the Dominican temple is still the most popular place of tourist resort in Florence. Into this harmony of admiration burst one John Ruskin about thirty years ago, with results that are not yet forgotten. To repeat his criticism of these frescoes would be a little like slaying the slain. I may say that, in objecting to the superfluous and insignificant ornament with which these compositions are filled, he seems to me to strike their real weakness, while in emphasizing their lack of true religious emotion he, perhaps, makes an unfair requirement. The objection would lie with equal force against most of the religious painting of the renaissance. No, we may not fairly demand that the artist feel poignantly the emotion of any assigned subject. It will be a kind of luck if he does so naturally, a superior exercise of imagination if by the will he projects himself into the desired state of mind. As an honest workman, however, he is bound at least to intelligent and interested reflection upon the theme he has undertaken. His enthusiasms are his own, but we rightly expect of him a certain seriousness and ingenuity. It is the lack of these qualities in these last works of Ghirlandaio that is their real condemnation. Everywhere the accumulation of sumptuous detail is offered in place of organic and well-knit composition. An abundance of pretty faces and graceful forms describing conventionally attractive gestures is presented where we properly ask dignity, expression, and purposeful movement.

But, we are told, it is a remarkably vivid picture of the life of the patrician merchants of Florence in her prime. Is this quite true? We have admittedly a number of fine portraits of the Tornabuoni and their kin on parade. We have certain interiors tricked and tortured with decorative detail as we must believe no rooms of the time actually were. The trouble with these frescoes as documents of Florentine life is the trouble with the people who ordered them. Ghirlandaio was hardly allowed to paint the Tornabuoni as they really were at home, but as they wished to seem to the town. There is nothing intimate or convincing about the delineation; it never transcends a sort of official character, in its way as insincere as the religious scenes into which it is thrust. Throughout, these frescoes show the lack of constructive genius in Ghirlandaio. He was incapable of creating a complex and harmonious whole, incapable of those ingenious and spirited evasions, the product of an incorrigible artistry, which make the religious painting of Venice at once the most secular, sincere, and charming the world has seen. At bottom he too was sincere, but with the odd, limited sincerity of those merchant patrons who gave a little space in a painting to some story of Our Lady, reserving most of the wall for the exaltation of the family and firm. He had the good luck to die in 1494 before the grim preacher from Ferrara overthrew the pageantry of that plutocratic Florence whose favorite Ghirlandaio had been for a quarter-century and more. Let us be candid. If we really wish the materials for a vision of the Florence that prayed and paid with equal enthusiasm, a score of those painted fronts of bride chests, many of them by obscure or nameless artists, would be far more suggestive than the entire work of Domenico Ghirlandaio. M. Hauvette bids us value him because he embodied in graphic form the average ideals of the piping times of Florence. This seems to us the advice of an historian. No critic would, I fancy, tell us to reverence Bouguereau because he embodied precisely the mythological ideals of the Third Empire. It takes a Ghirlandaio to make us realize the true greatness of a Signorelli or a Botticelli; or, coming to fairer parallels, the resourcefulness and freshness of such routine talents as Gozzoli and Pintoricchio. We need Ghirlandaio to show us how far even the lesser lights among the true artists transcended the average taste of their patrons.

If all this is so, some unconvinced reader will ask, why does nearly every visitor to Florence love to linger in the choir of Santa Maria Novella? For the very good reason that except for Gambrinus and one vaudeville garden, it is about the only place in Florence that lays no tax upon the visitor's mind. Everywhere else strange beauty stares one in the face, requiring swift and exhausting intellectual readjustment. Here is nothing of the sort. You may bring to Ghirlandaio the satisfactory habits of vision you acquired in Oshkosh or Surbiton, and they will not fail you. After the baffling adventure of the Uffizi and the still more perilous pass of the Academmia, what a rest to come home to these stately comfortable folk of quaint old Florence, patronizing such pretty saints. It is something to have had so little idiosyncrasy as to charm for four centuries and more the indolent eyes of all nations and of many critics. I do not underestimate such an accomplishment, but, believing it to lie apart from the criticism of art, I gladly commit it to more competent judges. To Ghirlandaio, portraitist, I return with increasing pleasure, and with continued regret that in this field his course was hampered. The rest of him, for the most part, I leave to whatever sociologist, humanitarian, or mere historian desires the greater share of a prolific and much admired painter. Happily he needs no praise of mine. As I write doubtless the choir of Santa Maria Novella is full of passionate pilgrims, while Florence itself still loves him. I almost regret what has been said, for to speak ill of Ghirlandaio in the City of the Baptist is still to give grave offence, and some day I shall want to go back there. M.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for publication this autumn "A Chronicle of Friendships," by Will H. Low, a volume of reminiscences; and "The Story of English Art," Sir Walter Armstrong.

"The House Dignified; Its Design, Arrangement, and Decoration," by Lillie Hamilton French, will soon be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The McClure Company will publish this autumn "The Higher Life in Art: A Series of Lectures on the Barbizon School of France," by John LaFarge.

The nineteenth annual exhibition of the New York Water Color Club will be held in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, October 31 to November 22. The jury of selection consists of: Reynolds Beal, W. Verplanck Birney, Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman, Colin Campbell Cooper, E. Irving Couse, Albert Herter, Miss Clara T. MacChesney, F. Luis Mora, Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, M. Petersen, Edward H. Potthast, and Cullen Yates.

James Wilson Alexander MacDonald, the sculptor, died at Yonkers August 14 in his eighty-fourth year. He was born in Steubenville, Ohio, and while a young man in business in St. Louis, he studied art diligently at night. He is said to have made the first portrait bust cut in marble west of the Mississippi—that of James T. Benton. The first order he executed in New York was that of Charles O'Conor, now in the central hall of the Appellate Court. MacDonald also designed the bronze statue of Edwards Bates, attorney-general in Lincoln's Cabinet, which stands in Forrest Park, St. Louis; the bronze statue of Fitz-Greene Halleck, in Central Park; a colossal bust of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, in Hancock Square at One Hundred and Twenty-second Street, in this city; another of Gen. Hancock in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; a colossal bust of Washington Irving, in Prospect Park, Brooklyn; a bust of Thomas Paine, in a park in New Rochelle;

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and the portrait of George Washington, more than 300 copies of which have been placed in the public schools of New York city. Shortly before his death Mr. MacDonald completed a companion bust of Lincoln.

J. R. Spencer Stanhope, an English painter born in 1829, died August 2 at Bellosguardo, Italy. He was at first a pupil of G. F. Watts, and later his associations were with the Pre-Raphaelites under the leadership of Rossetti. His mature work shows the influence of the Italian masters of the fifteenth century.

Finance.

THE QUESTION OF FINANCIAL RECOVERY.

The sharp fall in prices on the Stock Exchange, last week, has as usual led people to ask whether unfavorable indications have not appeared. To such a question, the reply is that the decline signifies, not that business has taken a turn for the worse, but that investors are beginning to see that actual conditions have never warranted the prolonged advance in stocks, during July. A London financial journal, commenting lately on events in America, remarked that every incident in industry, politics, or finance seemed to result in a "bull market." The Republicans nominate Mr. Taft on a moderate platform, and prices go up; the Democrats nominate Mr. Bryan on a radical platform, and prices rise again. The steel manufacturers refuse to reduce prices for their commodity, and stocks go up; an independent mill cuts prices, the Steel Corporation follows suit, and stocks go still higher. In June, the government "crop estimates" promise an unprecedented yield of wheat; the Stock Exchange responds by an advance. In July, unfavorable weather compels radical revision of the figures, and suggests the possibility of a crop not much greater than last year's, and a violent rise in stocks ensues.

The description will be recognized by most people as correct. The London paper explains the movement on the theory that speculating capitalists, with access, on easy terms, to the abundant hoards of money in the banks, are putting up prices of securities on borrowed money, in the conviction that if they keep the ball rolling, regardless of outside conditions, they will virtually force the investing public to relieve them of their load at such prices as may be fixed. This theory is attractive, and would doubtless go far to explain the anomalies referred to. But the people who may be acting on it assume two essential facts—first, that the outside investing public, which is to be lured into the speculation, can get the necessary purchase money; second, that the securities offered are sufficiently attractive, on a pure investment basis, to bring the higher prices. The first consideration has to do with the effects of last autumn's panic on private fortunes; the second concerns the real condition of business.

Up to a certain point, a recovery in Stock Exchange prices, after a great panic, will naturally be attributed to the fact that powerful capitalists, who, in the hour of shaken credit and impaired bank reserves, were forced to sell the securities which they were carrying on borrowed money, are repurchasing, now that credit is restored and money easy. But to this process there is a limit. Even the greatest of capitalists will not buy securities unless he foresees a good return on his investment, or unless he is confident of selling later to somebody else, at a higher price. Money was quite as easy, eight months after the panic of 1893, as it is to-day, but the powerful capitalists did not buy. On the contrary, the ensuing twelvemonth was chiefly marked by continuous efforts, on the part of large and small investors, to dispose of what they held at the best price obtainable, and the stock markets merely reflected the prevalent discouragement.

What is the condition of the real investing public to-day? Certainly there can be no such increment of profits from private business, to reinvest in securities, as there was, say, in 1906. Trade returns show that the volume of sales has been running, on the average, 30 to 50 per cent. below that of a year ago, and prices have universally been lower. Since the beginning of the year, commercial failures in the United States have been nearly 60 per cent. more numerous than in 1907, and liabilities have been unprecedented. It is true, on the other hand, that holders of investment securities, who are the largest reinvestors on the Stock Exchange, have not suffered such loss in income from suspended dividend and interest payments as they did in the general bankruptcy of railway undertakings after 1893; and this consideration is important. But to suppose the accruing fund, available for investment, to be anything like that of 1907 or 1906, would be to suppose an absurdity.

The question, whether the rise in stocks has or has not been legitimately founded on a promise of early return of business to the profitable basis of a few years ago, is somewhat different and far more perplexing. Wall Street tells the country what will happen later on. It deals in expectations. If it relied on actual figures, it would have to admit a more severe setback in trade than was witnessed even after 1893. Railway earnings are still running 20 per cent. or thereabouts below 1907, and the shrinkage in the volume of trade has been mentioned above. It is a favorite argument, not without plausibility, that this very abstention of consumers during the past eight months means accumulating requirements which must be met later by proportionately larger purchases. But the same argument was available in 1894, and it turned out to have no validity whatever. Consumers had reduced their purchases because they had not the money with which to buy. Their customary purchases had not been postponed, but were either permanently cut down, or else abandoned altogether.

The legitimate part of the present feeling of hopefulness probably arises from one important fact—the entire absence of pecuniary distress in our agricultural community. The people engaged in agricultural pursuits make up more than one-third of our entire population. In the financial troubles of the nineties, it was they more than any other class who felt the pressure and embarrassement. To-day, on the contrary, the farmers are enjoying an unusually profitable market for crops of satisfactory size, with the assurance that the outside world will have to buy their surplus—the stored-up supply having been much reduced by the world-wide harvest shortage of 1907. The farmers as a whole are as prosperous as in 1905 and 1906. Even this fact, however, is not proof positive that the country as a whole is forthwith to enjoy the full flood of prosperity of two or three years ago. The people who are not farmers remain to be reckoned with. The chances are that for American industry in general the process of recuperation will be more gradual than the enthusiasts of Wall Street have imagined.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baedeker, Karl. London and Its Environs. $1.80. And Berlin and Its Environs. 90 cents net. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Beau Brummel. Written for Richard Mansfield by Clyde Fitch. John Lane Co.

Burton, John Hill. The Book-Hunter. J. Herbert Slater, Ed. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Bury, Lady Charlotte. The Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting. A. Francis Steuart, editor. John Lane Co. 2 vols. $3 net.

Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, Classified Catalogue. Vols. 1 and 2.

Chambers, Robert W. The Firing Line. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Clark, Robert Carlton. The Beginnings of Texas, 1684-1718. Austin: By the University of Texas.

Coolidge, W. A. B. The Alps in Nature and History. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Dutchess County, N. Y., Book of the Supervisors. 1718-1722. Poughkeepsie: Vassar Brothers' Institute.

France, Anatole. The Garden of Epicurus. Translated by Alfred Allinson. John Lane Co.

Fraser, Edward. The Londons of the British Fleet. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Gladstone, W. E., at Oxford, 1890, by C. R. L. F. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Hatfield, Frank. The Realm of Light. Boston. Reid Publishing Co.

Hilgers, Joseph. The Roman Index and Its Latest Historian. Techny, Ill.: Society of the Divine Word.

Hoyer, Maria A. By the Roman Wall. London: David Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.

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Jeremias, Alfred. Das Alter der babylonischen Astronomie. Die Panbabylonisten. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhendlung.
Kempson, F. Claude. The Future Life and Modern Difficulties. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.
King Solomon and the Fair Shulamite: An Idyl from the Song of Songs, arranged by Julia Ellsworth Ford, with illustrations by Simeon Solomon. Frederick F. Sherman. $1.50 net.
Larisun, C. W. The Soul: Whence? Whither? Ringos, N. J.: Fonic Publishing House. $1.50.
McCroben, M. A Dictionary of English Literature. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.
Magoffin, Ralph Van Deman. A Study of the Topography and Municipal History of Praeneste. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.
Phyfe, W. H. P. 12,000 Words Often Mis-pronounced. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 25 net.
Pickhardt, E. W. Sutton. Ariadne Dianomene, and Other Poems, London: Elkin Mathews.
Seligman, Edwin R. A. The Separation of State and Local Revenues. Columbus: National Tax Association.
Sparkman, Philip Steadman. The Culture of the Luiseño Indians. University of California Publications. Berkeley: The University Press.
Snavely, Guy Everett. The Æsopic Fables in the Mireoir Historial of Jehan de Vignay. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Co.
Terry, Hubert L. India-Rubber and its Manufacture, with chapters on Gutta-Percha and Balata. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.00 net.
Tokio Imperial University Calendar. Tokio: By the University.
Tonge, James. Coal. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.00 net.
Treves, Sir Frederick. The Cradle of the Deep. An Account of a Voyage to the West Indies. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.
Watson, A. D. The Wing of the Wild-Bird, and Other Poems. Toronto: William Briggs. $1.

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